THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

EDITED BY AUSTIN HARRISON

AUGUST 1922

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
AUGUST, 1922.

Marguerite—Outside Hell

By C. A. Dawson Scott

SCOURGED
To thy dark threshold, blinded by the rain
Of blackened stars, I beat
With burned and desperate hands upon thy gate;
Thy gate—
Turning upon its flambent hinge, half turning, ay,
A chink
Would let me into heaven.

The red-hot mazes of thy hell, the flows
Of molten brass were naught
If, in some far dim court,
In swallow-dusk of even, I
Might lay my head upon thy feet
And, 'neath thy brooding gaze,
Let this long ache of passionate hunger pass.

The miscreant hosts in pale procession stream
Down the precipitous grey slopes,
Across the plain,
Into the City of the Lost;
But sword and flame
Forbid me, innocent—

Hell—
A city sunk
Beyond the last ray of the sun!
I would have scaled thy ramparts, but my hands

Break on their steel; the walls
Rise to the blue and round
To the one gate—I cannot win
Through thy defences, lord.

Yet am I torn
By unassuageable despair!
And, from the dust, I cry—
Above the clamour of the tortured, cry . . .

" I am that Marguerite—hast thou forgot
" The evening in the shadowy upper room,
" The gurgle of the rain
" In the roof gutters overhead, and Faust
" The merry roysterer I should have loved? "

" Lucifer? "
They shook the dust from an old tale,

" Ay, Lucifer—
" Son of the Morning—he, who would have hurled
" The Godhead from its sapphire throne,
" Lucifer—who, by his following, was betrayed . . ."

Betrayed?
Thy fellows rivetting the gives
Upon those saving hands?
I wept until, dew-wet, the morning brought
Her gradual gray; but, though my tears
Were blood, they might not wipe
From thy proud soul one mark
Of that corroding rust.

When on the hills
The beacons of midsummer blaze
For festival, and maids with feet a-glimmer, steal
Through the dark woodland to the mere; I must have
worn

MARGUERITE—OUTSIDE HELL

Not shift but shroud, for a white vapour coiled
Above the pool and never face—not Faust's and, O,
not thine
Laughed from the water.

Yet when buds
Were quickening on the naked trees
And, either side the uphill way,
The hearths, dark-walled,
Glowed through the pane—I felt
Thy lips on mine and heard thy wrung,
" I love thee ! "

The stern enchantment of thy wooing woke
A passionate heart—
My hour—one hour of sun—and thy black-golden
wing
Soared through a rush of whispering rain.

How—
With thy kiss wet and burning on my lips;
With love, new-born, calling from heart to heart;
With the life-strings
Vibrating to the touched, unsmitten chord—
How should I fear?

" This—between lovers ! " Lord, when I am dust
I shall forget words, touch—
But living, am the page on which
Thy finger wrote.

" Made for my loving— " Though the rain
Had shaken a gray fold between us, I should hear
The beat of thy returning wing, my blood
Would quicken into shivering flame. . . .

. . . . . .

The corn
Across the bosom of the earth,
Lay in a swathe of ruined gold.
The pale long roads
Were set with flints, yet must I go—
A gipsy, seeking—

Every sudden face, the shoulder-turn
Of stranger in the market—ghosts!
And through a world of ghosts—I came
To the world-end.

On the dun sands, a stone
My pillow and the darkening seas
Loud in unrest, I slept!
I slept and found thee—leaned
To lips a-dream.

O love, if once, if only once,
Once more;
Then could I rest—
In the long sleep that makes an end.
But never morn will smile
On my face lifted for thy passionate
Man's kiss,
Not evening stay my tears with thy
White beauty, Lucifer.

Who art not—Lucifer; no longer
Lucifer—
The morning died on a black wind and thou
Wert born again—to serve;
God's mercy, that through ripening time
Thou shalt grow old, as devils grow—
Parching!
And I, thy woman, a thorn rose
Who would have filled thy halls
With a keen fragrance, I am stayed,
Lest I bring courage and a spear.

In the dry deeps of whispering flame
Thy heart, while I
By this grey tide am flung against thy hold
Craving, and desert winds
Snatch at my wraith
To whirl it through eternity,
A seamew voice:—

"Love! Love!"

MARGUERITE—OUTSIDE HELL

Thy heart has swung to that fierce cry
And though it sleep
Shall quicken—to awake
In hell.

. . . . . .

Ah—why?

The fear—the cancerous fear of God—
And this poor soul,
Tinder thy breath has kindled!
Yet—though I beat against thy bars,
Forbidden, while a dim grey drift of souls
Is drawn, reluctant, through thy gate,
Thou art not devil but remembered light—
All I have known.

Is there no lover in thy hosts
Will open to me?
Beloved, if in lurid glooms
Sudden, my voice, my lips . . .

No lover in the vast of hell?

. . . . . .

The earth,
The smiling blue, but here is night.
And in the night—a star,
Unquenchable.

Both Sides of the Moon

By Henry Savage

I.

Over responsive senses an efflorescence
Stole gently, holding you in my arms.
With what have you filled me now of your many charms,
That an old ecstasy wakes at this strange essence,
And I must needs be singing a new song?

Is it the spirit of softness, yielding, tender,
Pervasive, from your flower-like breasts and slender—
Those exquisite-shapen blooms but scarce unfolded,
Buds asleep on the delicate stem time long
Of your body virginal, slim and perfect-moulded—
Is it the spirit of softness moves my song?

I know not where these entrancèd words belong,
And how shall words repay a caress like this,
That is all spirit, your body-given embrace?
Foolish me, that my fervour veiled your face!
Have I lost the crowning song for a blind kiss
On your mouth's velvet, found but the half of heaven,
The other glowing, love-lit, in eyes above?

To your bosom's softness, then, shall the song be given,
Or, dear, lovely girl, to the very love?

II.

I am of too proud a spirit
A waste of shame to inherit.

Night, are you dark? I find you white
When no star beams, when no moonlight
Glamours, bewitching the mad wise
To live on her thin lunacies!

BOTH SIDES OF THE MOON

Grave, are you dark? Dour fool! the whole
Stark blackness of my naked soul
Has been revealed to me! O laughter,
If moons be daft, why, here is dafter
Sport for your mood! O laughter, come!
'Stablish some equilibrium
At this grave's mouth that is so sure
Of its heart's darkness. Many a poor
Soul must be grateful that you came
To the grave's mouth in the waste of shame.

I am of too proud a spirit
This waste of shame to inherit;
Into whom has been given
A vision of all heaven.

Shall we thank God, my dear, that in the grave
The body rots in peace and no more maddens?
O fondly foolish mind that the thoughts saddens;
O this so tranquil foulness that we have
When fair love sleeps though pride be wakeful yet;
O fondly foolish, all such dreams forget!
The dread grim vision of the grave's contents,
The poor spent body's piteous eloquence.
Why, they are one, my love, with the air that blows,
These pageantries of death and puppet-shows;
Less than the unyielding marble of your breast
From which the broken madness falls away
And is re-made, informed by friendly clay,
A melancholy nigh akin to rest.

The Downfall of Europe

"The Brothers Karamazoff"

By Hermann Hesse

Motto: Nichts ist auszen, nichts ist innen, denn was auszen ist, ist innen.

It appears to me that what I call the Downfall of Europe is foretold and explained with extreme clearness in Dostoevsky's works and in the most concentrated form in *The Brothers Karamazoff*.

It seems to me that European and especially German youth are destined to find their greatest writer in Dostoevsky—not in Goethe, not even in Nietzsche. In the most modern poetry there is everywhere an approach to Dostoevsky, even though it is sometimes callow and imitative. The ideal of the Karamazoff, primeval, Asiatic, and occult, is already beginning to consume the European soul. That is what I mean by the Downfall of Europe. This downfall is a return home to the mother, a turning back to Asia, to the source, to the " Faüstischen Muttern," and will necessarily lead, like every death on earth, to a new birth.

We contemporaries see a " downfall " in these events in the same way as the aged, who, compelled to leave the home they love, mourn a loss to them irreparable, while the young think only of the future, care only for what is new.

What is that Asiatic Ideal that I find in Dostoevsky, the effect of which will be, as I see it, to overwhelm Europe?

Briefly, it is the rejection of every strongly held Ethic and Moral in favour of a comprehensive *laissez-faire*. This is the new and dangerous faith that Elder Zossima announced, the faith lived by Alyosha and Dmitri, a faith which was brought into clearer expression by Ivan Karamazoff. In the case of Elder Zossima, the ideal Right still

reigns supreme. Good and Evil always exist for him; but he bestows his love on evil-doers from choice. Alyosha already makes something far more vital of this new creed, taking his way through filth and slime with an almost amoral impartiality. He reminds us of Zarathrusta's vow:

"In that day I vowed that I would renounce every aversion."

But Alyosha's brothers carry this further, they take this road with greater decision; they seem often to do so defiantly. In the voluminous book it sometimes appears as though the relationship of the Brothers Karamazoff unfolded itself too slowly, so that what at one time seems stable at another becomes solvent. The saintly Alyosha becomes ever more worldly, the worldly brothers more saintly, and, similarly, the most unprincipled and unbridled of them becomes the saintliest, the most sensitive, the most spiritual prophet of a new holiness, of a new morality, of a new mankind. That is very curious. The more the tale unfolds itself, the wickeder and the more drunken, the more licentious and brutal the Karamazoffs, the more brightly the new Ideal glows through the corpus of these raw appearances, people and acts and the more spiritual, the saintlier they inwardly become. Compared with the drunken, murdering, violent Dmitri and the cynical, intellectual Ivan—the decent, highly respectable magistrate and the other representative of the bourgeois, triumph though they may outwardly, are shabby, hollow, worthless.

It seems, then, that the "New Ideal" by which the roots of the European spirit is being sapped is an entirely amoral concept, a faculty to feel the Godlike, the significant, the fatalistic in the wickedest and in the ugliest, and even to accord them veneration and worship. No less than that. The ironical exaggeration with which the magistrate in his speech seeks to hold these Karamazoffs up to the scorn of the citizens, is not in reality an exaggeration. It is indeed a tame indictment. For in this speech the "Russian man" is exhibited from the conservative-bourgeois point of view. He had been till then a cock-shy. Dangerous, emotional, irresponsible, yet conscience-

haunted; soft, dreamy, cruel, yet fundamentally childish. As such one still likes to regard the " Russian man " to-day, although I believe he has for a long time been on the road to becoming the European man. And this is the Downfall of Europe.

Let us look at this " Russian man " a moment. He is far older than Dostoevsky, but Dostoevsky has finally shown him to the world in all his fearful significance. The " Russian man " is Karamazoff, he is Fyodor Pavlovitch, he is Dmitri, he is Ivan, he is Alyosha. These four, different as they may appear, belong inseparably together. Together they are Karamazoff, together they are the " Russian man," together they are the approaching, the proximate man of the European crisis.

Next notice something very remarkable. Ivan in the course of the story turns from a civilised man into a Karamazoff, from a European into a Russian, out of a definitely formed historical type into the unformed raw material of Destiny.

There is a fairy-like dream-reality about the way in which Ivan slides out of his original psychology: out of his understanding, coolness, knowledge. There is mystical truth in this sliding of the apparently solid brother into the hysterical, into the Russian, into the Karamazoff-like. It is just he, the doubter, who at the end holds speech with the devil! We will come to that later on.

So the " Russian man " is neither drawn as the hysterical, the drunkard, the felon, the poet, the Saint, but as one with them all, as possessing all these characteristics simultaneously. The " Russian man," Karamazoff, is assassin and judge, ruffian and tenderest soul, the completest egotist and the most self-sacrificing hero. We shall not get a grasp of him from a European, from a hard and fast moral, ethical, dogmatic standpoint. In this man the outward and the inward, Good and Evil, God and Satan are united.

The urgent appeal ever rings out from these Karamazoffs for the symbol after which their spirit is striving, a God who is also a devil. Dostoevsky's " Russian man " is penetrated by that symbol. The God-Devil, the primeval Demiurgus, he who was there from the beginning, who

alone stands the other side of the forbidden, who knows neither day nor night, neither good nor evil. He is the Nothingness and the All. He is unknowable to us, for we have only the power to recognise prohibition, we are individual beings, bound to day and to night, to warm and cold, we need a God and a devil. On the other side of that which is forbidden, in Nothingness and in the All, only Demiurgus the God of the altogether who knows neither Good nor Evil can live.

There would be much to say about this, but what I have written must suffice. We have seen the nature of the "Russian man." He reaches forth beyond prohibitions, beyond natural instincts, beyond morality. He is the man who has grasped the idea of freeing himself, and on the other side, beyond the veil, beyond *principium individuationis*, of turning back again. This ideal man of the Kamarazoffs loves nothing and everything, fears nothing and everything, does nothing and everything. He is primeval matter, he is monstrous and soul-stuff. He cannot live in this form, he can only go under, he can only pass on.

Dostoevsky has conjured forth this creature of downfall, this fearful apparition. It has often been said that it is a good thing that his Karamazoffs were not developed to their last stage. Otherwise not only Russia but mankind would have been exploded into the air.

But what has been said, though the speaker has not drawn from his words their ultimate implications, can never be unsaid. That which exists, that which has been thought, that which is possible, can never again be extinguished. The "Russian man" has long existed, he exists far outside Russia, he rules half Europe, and part of the dreaded explosion has indeed in these last years been audibly evident. It shows itself in that Europe is tired, it shows itself in that Europe wants to turn homewards, in that Europe wants rest, in that Europe wants to be re-created, reborn.

There occur to me two pronouncements of a European who indisputably represents for us an age that is past, a Europe which, if it has not already gone under, is in the

balance. I allude to the Kaiser Wilhelm. The one pronouncement is that which he once wrote under a somewhat extraordinary allegorical picture. In this he warned the European nations to guard their "holiest possessions" against the approaching peril from the East.

Kaiser Wilhelm was certainly not a wise or profound person. Yet he possessed, as the repository and guardian of old-world ideals, a certain hereditary insight which warned him against the dangers that threatened those ideals. He was not intellectual, he did not like reading good books, and he busied himself too much with politics. Thus, that picture with its warning to the nations was not, as one might think, the result of reading Dostoevsky, but of a vague fear of the Eastern hordes, which through Japanese ambitions might be enrolled against Europe. The Kaiser knew but partially the import of his words and how uncommonly right he was. He certainly did not know the Karamazoffs, he had a horror of profound thought, but he had an uncannily right foreboding. The danger was coming nearer every day. That danger was the Karamazoffs, the contagion from the East. What he unconsciously but rightly feared was the staggering back of the tired European spirit to the Asiatic mother.

The second imperial pronouncement which occurred to me, and which at that time made an awful impression on me, is this: "That nation will win the war which has the best nerves." When at that time, quite at the beginning of the war, I heard of that pronouncement, it came upon me like the muffled forewarning of an earthquake. It was, of course, clear that the Kaiser did not mean it so, what he really had in his mind was something very flattering to Germany. Very likely he himself had excellent nerves and his hunting and troop-display comrades also. He knew, too, the old weary story of effete and degenerate France and of virtuous, prolific Germany, and believed it. But for those with knowledge, still more for those with the intuition to sense to-morrow and the day after, that pronouncement was terrible. For they knew that the Germans had in no way better nerves than the French, English, and Americans, at best better than the Russians. For to have bad nerves is the colloquial term for hysteria and neurasthenia, for moral insanity, and for all those evils

which one may regard in different ways but which collectively signify the Karamazoff. With the exception of Austria, Germany stood infinitely more willingly and weakly open to the Karamazoffs, to Dostoevsky, to Asia, than any other European people.

Thus the Kaiser too has twice uttered a forewarning, has indeed foretold the Downfall of Europe.

But quite another question is how we are to regard this Downfall. Here we are at the parting of the ways as we are of the spirit. Those who cling definitely to the past, those who venerate time-honoured cultural forms, the Knights of a treasured morality, must seek to delay this downfall and will mourn it inconsolably when it passes. For them the Downfall is the end; for the others, it is the beginning. For the first, Dostoevsky is a criminal, for the others a saint. For the one party Europe and its soul constitute an entity once and for all, foreordained, inviolate, a thing fixed and immutable. For the other it is a becoming, a mutable, ever-changing thing.

The Asiatic, the chaotic, the savage, the dangerous, the amoral, in fact the Karamazoff elements can, like everything else in the world, just as well be regarded from a positive as from a negative point of view. Those who, from a fear to which they give no name, curse this Dostoevsky, these Karamazoffs, these Russians, this Asia, this Demiurge-fantasy and all their implications, have a hard time before them. For Karamazoff dominates more and more. But they fall into error by only seeing the obvious, the visible, the material. They see the Downfall of Europe coming as a horrible catastrophe with thunder and beating of drums, either as Revolution accompanied by slaughter and violence, or as the triumph of crime, lust, cruelty, corruption and murder.

All that is possible, all of it is contained in Karamazoff. One never knows what a Karamazoff is going to do next. Perhaps he will surprise us with a death-blow, perhaps with a moving thanksgiving to God. He consists of Alyoshas and of Dmitris, of Fyodors and of Ivans. As we have seen, they are not to be identified with any single character, but with a readiness to adopt any and every character.

But there is no solace for the apprehensive, in that these incalculable people may just as well bring about a good as an evil future, that they are just as likely to found a new Kingdom of God as one of Satan. What stands or falls on earth concerns the Karamazoffs little. Their secret lies elsewhere, and the value and fruitfulness of their amoral nature also.

These new people differ fundamentally from the earlier ones, the orderly, law-abiding, decent folk, in one vital respect, namely, that they live inwardly just as much as outwardly, that they are constantly concerned with their own souls. The Karamazoffs are prepared to commit any crime, but they only commit them exceptionally because, as a rule, it suffices for them to have thought of crime or to have dreamt of it, to have made their soul a confidant of its possibility. Here lies their secret. Let us seek a formula for it.

Every formation of humanity, every culture, every civilisation, every order, is based upon an endowment of something over and above that which is allowed and that which is forbidden. Man, halfway between animal and a higher consciousness, has always a great deal within him to repress, to hide, to deny, in order to be a decent human being and to be socially possible. Man is full of animal, full of primeval being, full of the tremendous, scarcely tamed instincts of a beastly, cruel selfishness. All these dangerous instincts are there, always. But culture, superconsciousness, civilisation, have covered them over. Man does not show them, he has learnt from childhood to hide these instincts and to deny them. But every one of these instincts must come sooner or later to the surface. Each instinct goes on living, not one is killed, not one is permanently and for ever changed and ennobled. And each of these instincts is in itself good, is not worse than another. But for every period and culture there is a particular instinct which it regards with special aversion or horror. Now when these instincts are again aroused, in the form of unextinguished and merely superficially though carefully restrained nature forces, when these beasts again begin roaring like slaves whose spirit, long crushed by flogging and repression, is rekindled by insurgence, then the Karamazoffs are upon us. When a culture, one of

these attempts to domesticate man, gets tired and begins to decay, then men become in greater measure remarkable. They become hysterical, develop strange lusts, become like young people in puberty or like women in child-birth. Longings for which man has no name, arise in the soul; longings which the old culture and morality must hold for wrong. But they announce themselves with so innocent a voice, that Good and Evil become interchangeable and every law reels.

Such people are the Brothers Karamazoff. Every law easily appears to them as a convention, every morality as philistine; they lightly adopt every licence, every caprice. With ever so great a gladness they listen to the many voices in their own hearts.

But these souls need not inevitably reap crime and turbulence from chaos. As a new direction is given to the interrupted primeval current, so the seed is sowed of a new order, of a new morality.

With every culture it is the same. We cannot destroy the primeval current, the animal in us, for with its death we should die ourselves. But we can to a certain extent guide it, to a certain extent we can calm it down, to a certain extent make the "Good" serviceable, as one harnesses a vicious horse to a good cart. Only from time to time the lustre of this "Good" becomes old and weak, the instincts no longer really believe in it, refuse any longer to be yoked to it. Then the culture breaks in pieces, slowly as a rule, so that what we call ancient takes centuries to die.

And before the old, dying culture and morality can be dissolved into a new one, in that fearful, dangerous, painful stage, mankind must look again into its own soul, must see the beast arise in itself again, must again recognise the overlordship of the primeval forces in itself, forces which are super-moral. Those who are fore-ordained, prepared and ripe for this event, are Karamazoffs. They are hysterical and dangerous, they are as ready to be malefactors as ascetics, they believe in nothing except the utter dubiousness of every belief.

Every symbol has a hundred interpretations, of which every one may be right. The Karamazoffs too have a hundred interpretations. Mine is only one of them, one

of a hundred. This book of Dostoevsky's has hung a symbol round the neck of mankind, has erected a monument for it just as an individual might in a dream create for himself an image of his warring instincts and forces.

It is phenomenal that one human being could have written *The Brothers Karamazoff*. Now that the phenomenon has occurred, there is no necessity to explain it. But there is a profound necessity to emphasize this phenomenon, to read the writing as completely as possible, as comprehendingly as possible, to learn as much as possible of its wonderful magic. My work is to contribute a thought, a reflection, a commentary to that end, nothing more.

No one must suppose that I set forth these thoughts and suggestions as Dostoevsky's own. On the contrary, no great seer or poet, even if he had the power, has ever explained his story in its final significance.

In conclusion I would point out that this mystical romance, this dream of man, does not merely indicate the threshold across which Europe is stepping, the dangerous moment of hovering between the Void and the All. It also discloses the rich possibilities of the New Life.

In this connection the figure of Ivan is astonishing. We learn to know him as a modern, accommodating, cultivated individual, somewhat cool, somewhat disappointed, somewhat sceptical, somewhat tired. But he gets younger, more ardent, more significant, more Karamazoff-like. It is he who wrote the poem of the "Great Inquisitor." It is he who, after coolly ignoring the murderer whom he believes his brother to be, is driven in the end to the deep sense of his own culpability and even to his self-denouncement. And it is he too who experiences the most clearly and the most significantly the spiritual explanation of the unconscious. (On that, indeed, everything turns. That is the whole meaning of the Downfall, the whole new birth arises from it.)

Dostoevsky's book is not one that you can cut bits out of. I could go on for days seeking and finding new features all pointing in the same direction. One, a specially delightful and beautiful one, is the hysteria of

the two Hohlakovs. Here we have again the Karamazoff element intermingled with all that is strange and sick and bad in two characters. One of them, the mother Hohlakov, is simply unhealthy. Her behaviour is the result of habit which age has confirmed; the hysteria is merely illness, debility and stupidity. But in the case of the magnificent daughter, it is not weariness which shows itself as a form of hysteria, but a passionate exuberance. She is haunted by the future. Immaturity and ripe love oppose each other in the scale. She develops the idea and vision of evil much further than her insignificant mother, and yet the astonishing thing about the daughter is that the innocence and power behind her most wicked and shameless acts point her towards a future full of promise. The mother Hohlakov is a hysterical, fit for a sanatorium and nothing else. The daughter is a neurasthenic whose illness is the symptom of a noble energy to which expression is refused.

And do these developments in the souls of imagined characters of fiction really signify the Downfall of Europe?

Certainly. They signify it as surely as the mind's eye perceives life and eternity in the grass-blade of spring and death and its inevitability in every falling leaf of autumn. It is possible that the whole " Downfall of Europe " will play itself out " only " inwardly, " only " in the souls of a generation, " only " in changing the meaning of worn-out symbols, in the dis-valuation of spiritual values. Thus, the ancient world, that first brilliant coining of European culture, did not go down under Nero. Its destruction was not due to Spartacus nor to the Germanic tribes. But " only " to a thought out of Asia, that simple, subtle thought, that had been there very long, but which took the form the teacher Christ gave to it.

Naturally, one can if one likes regard *The Brothers Karamazoff* from a literary point of view, as a work of art. When the unconscious of a whole continent and age has made of itself poetry in the nightmare of a single, prophetic dreamer, when it has issued in his awful, blood-curdling scream, one can of course consider this scream from the standpoint of a singing-teacher. Doubtless Dostoevsky was a very gifted poet in spite of the enormities

one finds in his books. From such enormities a poet pure and simple, such for instance as Turgenev, is free. Isaiah too was an extremely gifted poet. But is that important? In Dostoevsky, especially in *The Karamazoffs*, one finds certain exaggerated and tasteless things. Such things, which would not do for artists, come about where a man already stands beyond Art. No matter. Even as an artist this Russian prophet now and then proves himself, makes himself famous, makes himself a world-wide celebrity. And one reflects with a strange feeling that for the Europe of the time when Dostoevsky had already written all his books, others than he were valued with the greatest European poets, Flaubert for instance. In comparison with *The Karamazoffs* Flaubert's work becomes quite a small artistic affair. Soon, European youth will hate and sneer at him with their elementary injustice, if only as a punishment for the exaggerated patronage of their fathers. No, this is no time for artists, that time has bloomed itself away.

But here I come upon a by-road. Later on it will be time for me to consider why, at this juncture, Flaubert came disturbingly across my path and tempted me away from any concept. That too will have its own special significance. Now I must stick to my chief concern. I was going to say: perhaps the less such a world-book is a work of art, the truer is its prophecy. And, besides, it seems to me that there is so much that is remarkable and yet not wilful, not the work of a single intelligence, in the romance, in the fable and in the invention of the Karamazoffs. It seems not to be a poet's work. For instance, to say everything at once, the most significant fact in the whole work is that the Karamazoffs are innocents. All these four Karamazoffs, father and sons, are dangerous, incalculable human beings. They have peculiar paroxysms, peculiar consciousnesses, peculiar unconsciousnesses. One is a drunkard; the other a woman-hunter; another is a fantastic hermit; the last is a poet of secret blasphemous verses. These peculiar brothers threaten much danger to others. They seize people by the beard, they do people out of money, they menace people with death—and yet they are innocent; and, in spite of all, none of them have done anything really criminal. The only murderers in this long

novel, which is chiefly concerned with murder, robbery and crime, the only guilty murderers are the magistrate and the jury, the representatives of an ancient, honoured order, honest and blameless citizens. They condemn the innocent Dmitri, they scoff at his innocence, they are judges who estimate, criticise God and the world according to their code. And it is just they who err; just they who do fearful injustice; just they who become murderers, from prejudice, from fear, from shallow-mindedness.

This is not a discovery, it is not a matter of literature. It is not the work of the smugly efficient literary detective, or of the witty and satirical man of letters playing the social critic. We know all about that sort of thing, and we are distrustful, and we have ceased to believe in it for a long time. No, for Dostoevsky the innocence of the criminal and the culpability of the judge is not in the least a cunning pretence. It is a fearful thing which stands forth and grows so surely, is rooted so deeply, that finally, almost in the last stage of the book, one stands aghast before the fact. One stands and gazes at the whole pain and insanity of the world, at the suffering and lack of understanding of men, as though one were facing a wall.

I said Dostoevsky is not a poet, or he is only a poet in a secondary sense. I called him a prophet. It is difficult to say exactly what a prophet means. It seems to me something like this. A prophet is a sick man, like Dostoevsky, who was an epileptic. A prophet is the sort of sick man who has lost the sound sense of taking care of himself, the sense which is the saving of the efficient citizen. It would not do if there were many such, for the world would go to pieces. This sort of sick man, be he called Dostoevsky or Karamazoff, has that strange, occult, godlike faculty, the possibility of which the Asiatic venerates in every maniac. He is a seer and an oracle. A people, a period, a country, a continent has fashioned out of its corpus an organ, a sensory instrument of infinite sensitiveness, a very rare and delicate organ. Other men, thanks to their happiness and health, can never be troubled with this endowment. This sensory instrument, this mantological faculty is not crudely comprehensible like some sort of telepathy or magic, although the gift can also

show itself even in such confusing forms. Rather is it that the sick man of this sort interprets the movements of his own soul in terms of the universal and of mankind. Every man has visions; every man has fantasies; every man has dreams. And every vision, every dream, every idea and thought of a man, on the road from the unconscious to the conscious, can have a thousand different meanings, of which every one can be right. But the appearances and visions of the seer and the prophet are not his own. The nightmare of visions which oppresses him does not warn him of a personal illness, of a personal death, but of the illness, the death of that corpus whose sensory organ he is. This corpus can be a family, a clan, a people, or it can be all mankind. In the soul of Dostoevsky a certain sickness and sensitiveness to suffering in the bosom of mankind which is otherwise called hysteria, found at once its means of expression and its barometer. Mankind is now on the point of realising this. Already half Europe, at all events half Eastern Europe, is on the road to chaos. In a state of drunken illusion she is reeling into the abyss, and, as she reels, she sings a drunken hymn such as Dmitri Karamazoff sang. The insulted citizen laughs that song to scorn, the saint and seer hears it with tears.

Sir Perseus and the Fair Andromeda (iii)

By Robert Nichols

VIII

ANDROMEDA stealthily descended the tower. In a tiny chapel at its base someone was praying aloud. She peeped in. Sir Perseus was at it again. She heard him once more give thanks for his safe return and for the number of his spoils, in the catalogue of which she was included. Indeed, Sir Perseus, interceding on behalf of her "froward soul," made explicit mention of her to the Almighty. The name of Una also occurred, but for what the knight prayed in connection with her was not so clear.

Stillness reigned in the garden. The dew-and-cobweb floor of the alley between glistening box hedges seemed to roll impalpable undulations toward the bronzen round of the orient moon. Andromeda sought her favourite retreat: a little circle of lawn, in the centre of which stood a sundial few dared approach. Merlin had brought it from a far country, and its alleged magical properties, and the fact that the figure of Amor, who bore the dial between uplifted hands, was naked with the nakedness that Venus loves, combined to make it shunned by all at Camelot. That was but an additional reason why Andromeda loved it. When, as now, she saw it swing, stained by the snail's iridescent track, she remembered the rainbow wings of Eros, that Eros she had once beheld flit as herald in the van of Zeus.

Andromeda bowed her head upon the stony curls of the Amor. Borne away, indeed, she had been, but by no Zeus, and she longed for the majesty of a love which, when it has utterly subdued by its might, knows how to heal by its tenderness. . . . The moon had wholly risen. Mist, like light, overhung the garden.

Andromeda folded the boyish head in her hands and pressed the silent lips into her bosom.

"So chill you are," she murmured, "with the thick dew silvering the cockles of your hair and your face

marbled by a succession of chilly moons, that much I fear you dead, victim, forsaken innocent Love, of northern frosts, northern perversity, and northern hardness of heart. See, in your quiver yet remain three arrows! You had no heart to loose them against barbarians so rude as not to feel the pains and pleasures in which gods have delighted, so ill-bred as not to appreciate that gracious schooling in the honours due to a captious divinity you bring to man. Yet deem not yourself wholly forsaken. There bends over you the daughter of one whose eyes did you much service in her time. If any tenderness of an exile to an exile can move you, speak to me. Tell me whether Sir Perseus really is my hero. Have I anything to hope from him at all? You are silent. Let me not deem you dead. Your mouth seems to kindle between my breasts—alas! it is only the warm fluttering of my unsolaced heart. Ah, wanton boy, perhaps your spirit, wayward as that of a butterfly, has already folded itself into a winter torpor within this shell of stone, or, swallow-like, sped with the swallows toward the trembling olive-trees, the tiled Sicilian homestead, and the meridian sun."

She remained for a long time in silence with her lips pressed against the fillet that bound the lifeless curls.

Mindful at length how late was the hour, and feeling the statue chill her to the bone, she turned to go. A step sounded behind her as she shrank into the shadow of the hedge, the mist dissolved beneath a shower of moonlight and a solitary figure emerged on to the lawn. She beheld a knight, clad from top to toe in chain armour, halt before the statue. For a moment he turned his worn and handsome face toward the moon. Silver-grey was he as the Amor, beaded with dew, and as still did he stand. Andromeda watched him with wonder not unmixed with awe.

Presently he kneeled, and, taking a rosary of sparkling crystals from his neck, abruptly knapped it and scattered the beads at the feet of the little god. Andromeda could scarce repress a cry. But in a moment the knight had risen, fixed upon the stony face one look of utmost longing and of utmost hate, and had disappeared.

On the staircase of the turret Andromeda encountered the dwarf. He attempted to kiss her hand.

"Ah," said he, "do not attempt to snatch those lovely

fingers away: they are my reward. I have tidings. Syne ye are sad, ye shall be cheered. There is to be a ball to-morrow night."

"What is that to me—in this?" she replied, touching the sack-cloth. "Feel it!" . . . .

The eyes of the dwarf glistened.

"I did not ask you to pinch me!"

"I am not Sir Galahad!"

"Nor was he I met just now." And she described the lineaments of the mysterious knight.

"So that way blows the wind . . . ," mused the dwarf, who had become suddenly serious. And he sang

> "The wind blows back, the wind blows forth,
> Now blissful south, now bitter north,
> But all the rune it sings, I wis,
> Riddleth only ever this—
> *Nous sommes toujours en retour*
> (Mystery of mysteries!)
> *A notre premier amour.*"

"So you sing? What does it mean?"

"It means old proverbs are the best guides to new politics. Did you mark which way the knight went?"

"Back to the forest. I heard a horse neigh as I came in. For all I know the knight is still there."

"News indeed!"

"Why so mysterious? Who is the knight?"

"His name is Lancelot." He glanced at her. "He is a great knight—perhaps the greatest among them."

"Yes?"

"That is all. But I think I may find you a dress on certain conditions." He eyed her head. "But ere we can strike a bargain I must needs make sure that what I buy I can sell."

"What do you mean?"

But he had slipped away down the turret stairs. Andromeda reached the bower. Una, with her chin upon her hands and her elbows propped on the sill, was gazing at the moon. Tears shone in her eyes. The lamb, complaining in a voice that shook, filled the room with unheeded lamentation.

"I am looking at the moon, dearest. Come and look at the moon."

"The moon?"

"See yonder the mist rises. The moon wreathes itself

in a halo of pale-blue lunar roses. Sorely aches my heart, sorely, sorely!"

For the first time Andromeda felt drawn toward this strange young woman. She came to the window.

"Mine, too, has ached."

"Listen to the sighing of the ivy upon the tower. Hark to the showering of the dew from the branches of the ash." Andromeda placed her arm about Una's neck.

"Certes you feel it, too, my southern sister. How beautiful it is to long and know not what one longs for!"

"What?"

"I said how beautiful it is to long and know not what one longs for."

Andromeda withdrew her arm.

"I think I shall go to bed," she said. Una continued to gaze at the moon.

After a while Andromeda broke the spell of dimness and silence, inquiring, "What did Sir Perseus rescue us for? Wherein lies his pleasure if——"

"Pleasure? It is the duty of a knight to rescue distressed damsels. Surely you know that?"

"Duty?"

"To acquire merit. To perfect himself."

"But——"

"Did you not wish to be rescued? We are privileged in being granted the honour to afford such an occasion to a noble knight."

"Then it was for his sake, not for mine!"

Una, gazing at the moon, heard a curious little sound: Andromeda, placing the edge of the sack-cloth in her mouth, had torn it with her teeth.

* * * * * *

Toward dawn the darkness heard this whisper: "For his perfection! . . . and the other is a great knight. . . . I will teach his perfection a lesson. So? . . . I will have that dress."

* * * * * * * *

All day the preparations went forward.

The dwarf emerged from the queen's apartments.

"Well met!" said he. "Your faithful slave was but this moment——"

"That dress—what is the price?"

"In such haste? Remember, all things in this world

are conditional. It is therefore wisest to keep calm. Natheless, let us consider the matter. Come, what say you to this fancy?—I have fallen in love with your hair." He pirouetted.

"My hair?"

"Gratify my fancy: give me your hair and I will provide a dress."

"But what use can my hair——"

"Name not use. It is a vile, contaminate word. I know it not. Use is the enemy of pleasure. Hair is precious. Your hair has the colour of fire; at night it shall warm my pinched thoughts. Your hair has——"

"But——"

"Your hair has the scent of the sun; in its tresses smoulders the sleep of the south; summer shall lie in my bosom."

"But——"

"I have a dress faintly green as the smouldering torch of the glow-worm, lucent as the glaucous tide running out of the sea-cave, soft as the floss beneath the beech-leaf, pliant as the gentle weed uncoiling in the chalk-stream."

"Impossible!"

"Such are the conditions."

She left him, and, in her haste to take refuge with the Amor, almost fell upon the bosom of Sir Lancelot, who, standing in the shadow of a buttress, was staring peevishly toward a window in the main tower of the castle. She smelled his clothes fragrant with wood-smoke and wild-things' blood. He put her by with vacant eyes, without a word. Yet, turning at the end of the path, she observed him follow her with his gaze, twirl his moustaches, and slap his leg with his hunting sword. Their eyes met. He smiled.

Beyond the postern Andromeda discovered herself hurrying from she knew not what. How fine a figure of a man, how like the captain of her late kingly father's guard! The same bold glance, aquiline nose, strong chin, and oh! the same magnificent black moustaches which had given her such singular pleasure when the huge officer had lifted the little princess with his hands beneath her arms, as one might lift a vase, to bestow upon her face, no larger than a lily, a mock-ferocious kiss! Andromeda found herself blushing. Was she not the spoil of the hero, Sir Perseus?

But Amor could not comfort her. On the contrary, he appeared to regard her with an air of ironic mischief that cast her into gloom. And she began to reproach him.

"Impudent little wretch," she said, "why do you not help me? Have I not placed a posy of flowers before you every evening? Have I not sat at your feet and sung you the little Teian songs you love—songs that, like the over-pungency of Hymettian honey, bring tears to the eyes? What more do you want?"

But her complaints were cut short by the sound of approaching footsteps. She slipped behind the hedge.

Sir Perseus appeared arrayed in garments all unlike the sober livery he was accustomed, on doffing his armour and surcoat, to wear at Camelot. His tunic and hose were parti-coloured rose and white. He sported shoes of soft yellow leather. An ivory-hilted dagger hung from the silver belt about his thighs. The left breast of his tunic was embroidered with a heart, on which a very neat little lamb had set its foot. He leaned upon the sundial. She heard him sigh. Scarcely had Andromeda recovered from her astonishment when a second step was sounded. Una, arrayed in a blue cotte with a most becomingly modest wimple wreathed about her face and hair, trod the alley, breviary in hand. Sir Perseus bent closer over the dial. Then, with a charming expression, he looked up.

"Lady," Andromeda heard him say, "suffer me to intrude upon your heavenly meditations. There is a rune here I would have you read."

Una bent above the Amor. A smile hovered about her lips.

"You shadow it with your hand, sir."

"I think not. It is the sun upon the bronze. Lean you further forward."

The figures stretched across the dial, and the shadows falling upon the face of Amor seemed to deepen the dimples about the figure's mouth. The faces lifted. A branch partially intervened. Sound supplied Andromeda with indubitable evidence of an unlooked-for exchange.

"Hypocrites!" cried she, bouncing from behind the hedge. Without waiting to recognise the interrupter, the couple parted hastily by opposite alleys.

(To be continued.)

The Crisis in Freemasonry*

By a Past Grand Master

THE conversation veered round to the subject of Freemasonry naturally enough. It was a perfect day for a final half round of golf; yet Ashford, plus 2, our captain, had gone up to town, excusing himself, with a certain brusque solemnity, on the ground that he had to attend Grand Lodge, of which he was, as books of reference attested, V.W.P. Pres. Brd. G. Pur.

"Must have cost him over a thousand, one way and another," remarked a long lean sallow man in the corner, who looked as if he had spent most of his life in the tropics.

"Oh, then you are a Mason?" chirped our favourite club Wit, a cross between a magpie and a monkey.

"Try me and prove me," murmured the dark man, without stirring.

"I'm the 28th degree myself."

"Shake hands."

The Wit was rather embarrassed, but did not quite see how to refuse. He complied, rather awkwardly.

The long man grimly smiled.

There was a curious tension among the crowd. We all felt as if we were present at some mysterious event, and as if the lean campaigner had us all at his mercy.

Thompson, the Secretary, threw himself (in the name of us all) frankly on that engaging quality.

The tall man took the bitten vulcanite of his briar from between his bicuspids.

"Our friend," he said slowly, "may belong to the 28th degree of the Ancient Order of Humbugs; but he isn't a Mason at all."

Johnstone rose to the occasion, and saved the situation by suggesting a general adjournment to the tee.

But I am convinced that I foozled my approach to the

* The author of this article wishes to emphasise the fact that he regards his brother English Craft Freemasons as constituting the most high-minded and worthy class of men in the country, and their friendly and charitable activities as most useful and laudable. The opinions set forth are purely speculative considerations advanced in the interests of the Craft, which are seriously threatened by recent developments in Masonic movements, particularly outside England.

third by undue pondering upon the sinister incident of the smoking-room.

It happens that I am a reader at the British Museum, and spend a good deal of my spare time in that appalling library, that ordered chaos from which no cosmos can possibly arrive by any Fiat soever. However, I determined to find out as much as I could about Freemasonry from the "authorities."

Alas!

Alas!!

It took me a very few hours to discover that Waite was as ignorant as he was pompous—and he was very very pompous.

I was nearly led away by Mackey, but discovered in time that his book was a system of deliberate falsification.

John Yarker was learned, accurate, and sincere; but those very qualities made him too cautious to assert what was doubtful. And about Masonry nearly everything is doubtful.

It was hardly encouraging when one afternoon I found a smiling professorial face bending over my shoulder.

"Studying Masonry, my young friend? I am the Grand Master of Germany, and I have studied it these forty years and more; and I know nothing whatever about it."

He was kind enough, however, to help me considerably with my studies; and I am able to present a rudimentary Synoptic Table of the principal rites.

I can make no pretence to completeness, to historical treatment—indeed, my main purpose is to show the utter impossibility of building a house even of stacked cards on such shifting sand as Masonic History.

I. Common to, and essential to, all Freemasonry soever: The Three "Craft" Degrees.

1A. Swedenborgian Masonry: the 1°—4°, 2°—5°, and 3°—6° explaining the Three Craft Degrees respectively.

1B. Martinism, the Sat Bhai, and similar systems, which attempt to replace the Three Craft Degrees.

1C. The Three First Degrees of O.T.O., which claim to restore the lost meaning of the Three Craft Degrees.

1D. "Clandestine" Masonry; this adjective is applied by any Mason to any other Mason with whom he is not

officially allied; though the " Secrets," Rituals, etc., may be identical. It is a question of jurisdiction; a sectarian squabble the rights and wrongs of which probably never existed, and are in any case lost in antiquity and confusion. The reason of this will appear later. Remember only that to a " just, lawful, and regular " English Mason practically all European Masons are anathema maranatha.

II. Degrees purporting to give further details with regard to the Second Degree.

IIA. Most of the degrees of the Scottish Rite of 33°, especially the 30°.

IIB. Most of the degrees of the Rites of Memphis and Mizraim, of 97° and 90° respectively. These rites seem to have been mere collections of all known degrees—as a connoisseur might collect bric-à-brac. The 97° is honorary: " Grand Hierophant," the supreme ruler of these (united) rites. Many 96°—90°'s exist; but they have never gone through the degrees. There is, however, a Reduced Rite of Memphis of 33° of which the 20° corresponds with the 33° of the Scottish Rite; this is recognised by the Grand Orient of France and other civilised countries.

The 32° of a well-known Rite in America is sold for so many dollars, like canned pork. It even cadges for members. It is an association given overmuch to graft of the most specious kind. Only master " craftsmen " attain the 33°. It is a business, political, anti-Catholic hierarchy, tyrannical and treacherous. Its conduct has made the decent citizen fight shy of even the common Craft Freemason. This is the " Pike " rite, notoriously founded on the absurd forgery of a scoundrelly adventurer named Morin; its opponent, the Cerneace rite, has a legitimate title, from the Duke of Sussex; but its defeat has disgraced it, and its present members are little better than the others.

IIC. Various odd rites of little importance: Mark Mason, Royal Ark Mariner, etc.

IID. The V°, VI°, VII°, VIII°, and IX° of the O.T.O.

II. Degrees which claim to explain, or complete, the Unsolved Mystery of the Third Degree.

Of these the chief is the Royal Arch.

Unfortunately for the student, there are several kinds of

Royal Arch degree, one leading out of the Third, the second at the end of a string of degrees so leading, the others dotted about the various rites in picturesque places. This, by the way, is typical of the total confusion of the entire system; there ought to be a Necessary Order in Freemasonry, as there is in Nature. And there is; but the workmen have bungled.

IIIA. The IV° and P.I. degrees of O.T.O., which carry on the true work of the III° to the end of philosophical possibility.

IIIB. The degrees (some of them) leading to Knight Templar and Knight of Malta; the York Rite so called is a mixture of these II and III.

It is amusing to note that an English Freemason can be frightened into any folly by threatening to establish the York Rite; it is similar to that bogey of ecclesiastical dignitaries, Sarum.

The more I looked at my effort the more unsatisfactory did it appear. I have hardly touched upon the various bitterly opposed jurisdictions.

* * *

One anecdote may illustrate the situation.

I determined to become a Mason myself. I happened to know that the Chaplain of the British Embassy in Z—— was Past Provincial Grand Organist of a certain English town. He proposed me, found me a seconder, and I was duly initiated, passed, and raised. I was warmly welcomed by numerous English and American visitors to our Lodge; for Z—— is a very great city.

I returned to England some time later, after "passing the chair" in my Lodge, and, wishing to join the Royal Arch, called on its venerable secretary.

I presented my credentials. "O Thou Great Architect of the Universe!" the old man sobbed out in rage, "why dost Thou not wither this impudent impostor with Thy fire from heaven? Sir, begone! You are not a Mason at all! As all the world knows, the people in Z—— are atheists, and live with other men's wives."

I thought this a little hard on my Reverend Father in God my proposer; and I noted that, of course, every single English or American visitor to our Lodge in Z—— stood

in peril of instant and irrevocable expulsion on detection. So I said nothing, but walked to another room in Freemasons' Hall over his head, and took my seat as a Past Master in one of the oldest and most eminent Lodges in London!

Kindly note, furthermore, that when each of those wicked Visitors returned to their own Lodges after their crime, they automatically excommunicated the whole thereof; and as visiting is very common, it may well be doubted whether, on their own showing, there is a single "just, lawful, and regular Mason" left alive on the earth!

The above anecdote is exactly true in every detail, and shows one side—only one side—of the morass into which the narrow formalism of the authorities has plunged the Craft.

* * *

Now the Craft is the ABC of Masonry: it would be utterly impossible even to suggest the welter of the other degrees. In England, till a few years ago, a man like the Duke of C—— did not dare to "recognise" or even to "tolerate"—

Himself!

He was the head of two divisions of Masonry which were not on speaking terms with each other.

Please do not request an excursion into the dreary realms of the higher degrees, which are, for the most part, more pontifically nonsensical than even the out-of-date and out-of-mind Craft Rituals, with their conflicting practices and vain formalities. Not one Mason—of any degree—in ten thousand has the slightest idea what the whole weary business is about.

Why then, in the name of King Solomon, should anyone become a Mason? What has that V.W.P. Pres. Brd. G. Pur. got for his thousands—to say nothing of the time he has devoted to attending stupid banquets, and learning by heart the interminable outpourings of—oh yes! of whom?

The answer to this two-headed question is really simple enough.

We ought to cross off the pettier human motives first:

love of vanity, of mystery, of display, of make-believe; but the average man in England becomes a Mason for as serious a reason as he becomes a Church member or a Theosophist; and the average man is usually most abominably disillusioned. (Of course, we must eliminate the political or politico-religious motives which are the rule in France and Italy, and their business correlatives in America, where the Christian elements of certain rituals have actually been removed so that Jews might become 33° Masons!)

But back to our average man! He may join the Craft with some idea of fellowship, because it is a tradition in his family to do so, or because he hopes to find in the Secret of the Mysteries something which he does not find in any of the exoteric forms of religion.

How is it that the same Order satisfies—more or less—aspirations so diverse?

We are brought at last face to face with the fundamental problem of the Masonic historian—the Origin of the whole business.

Without any hesitation at all, one may confess that on this critical question nothing is certainly known. It is true, indeed, that the Craft Lodges in England were originally Hanoverian Clubs, as the Scottish Lodges were Jacobite Clubs, and the Egyptian Lodges of Cagliostro revolutionary Clubs.

But that no more explains the Origin of Freemasonry than the fact "Many Spaniards are Roman Catholics" explains why the priest says and does certain things rather than others in the Mass.

Now here is the tremendous question: we can admit all Mr. Yarker's contentions, and more, as to the connection of Masonic and quasi-Masonic Rites with the old customs of initiating people into the Trade Guilds; but why should such a matter be hedged about with so severe a wardenship, and why should the Central Sacrament partake of so awful and so unearthly a character?

As Freemasonry has been "exposed" every few minutes for the last century or so, and as any layman can walk into a Masonic shop and buy the complete Rituals for a few pence, the only omissions being of no importance to our present point, it would be imbecile to pretend that the

nature of the ceremonies of Craft Masonry is in any sense a "mystery."

There is therefore no reason for refraining from the plain statement that, to anyone who understands the rudiments of Symbolism, the Master's Degree is identical with the Mass. This is in fact the real reason for the Papal Anathema; for Freemasonry asserts that every man is himself the living, slain, and re-risen Christ in his own person.

It is true that not one Mason in 10,000 in England is aware of this fact; but he has only to remember his "raising" to realise the fundamental truth of the statement.

Well may Catholic and Freemason alike stand appalled at the stupendous blasphemy which is implied, as they ignorantly think, not knowing themselves of the stuff and substance of the Supreme Self, each for himself alike no less than Very God of Very God!

But suppose that the sublimity of this conception is accepted, the identity admitted: what sudden overwhelming billow from the past blasts their beatitude? What but the words with which Freud concludes "Totem and Taboo": In the Beginning was the Deed!

For the "sacrifice of the Innocent" celebrated alike in Lodge and in Cathedral is this identical Murder of the Master by the Fellow-Craftsmen, that is of the Father by his Sons, when the ape-system of the "Father-horde" was replaced by the tribal system which developed into the "military clan"!

As against all the above, it may be objected that Freemasonry actually poses the perennial problem: If a man die, shall he live again?

We can ignore antiquity, with a mere note that the impossibility of tracing the origin of the Rite makes it impossible to argue that any given jurisdiction is "lawful." As in other matters, the Rite in Might is the Rite in Right! The quarrels which disgrace Freemasonry are only distinguishable by superior pettiness from such questions as the validity of Anglican Orders.

And it may be added that at this time of day it is abjectly ridiculous to continue the celebration of such totemistic tomfoolery with such tetanic tabus!

The W.M. elect of a certain lodge not far from the birth-

place of Daylight Saving used to learn his part by saying it over to his wife in bed. Reproached by brother Masons, he replied quite calmly that the Secret of Freemasonry was lost, and therefore he could not disclose it if he would!

But is the Secret lost?

Does not the insistence on so many senseless formalities lead us to surmise that the Secret may have been locked away not in the ostensible words, grips, signs, tokens, et cetera, which are for the most part self-stultifying, but in the essential structure of the Rite?

We can here merely refer to a rare and long since out of print volume, *The Canon*, which shows that the proportions of certain fabulous or imaginary structures testify to certain philosophical truths according to a symbolic system.

The truth is—to speak plainly—that the Secret was lost, and is found.

But those to whom it has been communicated, whatever their degree, are not in the least likely to spread it broadcast before undiscerning Masons.

Their condition is therefore, reasonably enough, that the whole unwieldy system of pompous and meaningless formalities, with their outworn and misunderstood verbiage, their sectarian accretions, and their manifold confusion, should be swept away entirely. It is better so than that Masonry should stumble into the open sewer of obsolescence, as it is doing now. While no two jurisdictions can agree to recognise or tolerate the existence of any third, while women are clamouring for admission on the one hand and men despairingly dropping it on the other, while clandestine lodges already almost outnumber the regular kind—what is worth saving?

What was ever worth saving in Masonry? What was the original idea of the institution as such? The Secret and its Preservation.

Even at this, the Secret pertains to the Past. It is part of the heritage of Humanity. But the Rites of Freemasonry are after all those of Osiris, of the Dying God; the Aeon of Horus, of the Crowned and Conquering Child, is come; it is His rites that we should celebrate, His that liveth and reigneth, and hath His abode in every human heart!

The Fate of Genevieve Vivian

By Alexander Harvey

"And now," he said, "I will take you to the very scene of my crime, to the place where I hid the treasure itself."

I laid the morsel of cake I was eating on the plate before me and looked keenly into the countenance of this grand old man.

"These confessions agitate you," I told him. "I am not sure it would be prudent to revive any more terrible memories."

"Terrible?" He repeated my word inquiringly, in that rich, musical voice of his. "These memories are not terrible. They bring back my youth."

The eye of the old man brightened in confirmation of his words. As he pushed his chair from the table at which we had completed our breakfast and stood vigorously upon his feet, his seventy years seemed to dissolve like the queen's pearl in her wine, and I actually envied him his aspect of distinction and divinity. In the long period of his service the name of this brilliant jurist had become familiar from Maine to California, partly owing to a Congressional inquiry into his alleged slavery to drugs and also to some extent in consequence of his hatred of freedom of speech, the one morbid trait in a noble intellect. As I got up from the table in my turn, Judge Spearhead drew my arm through his own and together we walked thus into the library of his country home.

"Now here," Judge Spearhead told me as he drew a volume from one of the shelves, "here is a little of the plunder."

He proceeded to turn the leaves, one by one, and I was still absorbed in contemplation of him when a maid walked in and silently placed a visiting card on the table beside which the old man had by this time seated himself.

"Tell him," said the Judge, "I will see him presently."

The moment the servant had left the room the won-

derful old man closed the book in his hands with a sound like an explosion.

"The man below," he said, "is an agent of the Department of Justice."

"Then he comes," I gasped, "from Washington!"

Judge Spearhead bent that wonderful old brow of his and placed the card of his caller in my hand. I recognised at once the name of one of the most exalted members of the federal bureaucracy.

"This fellow," explained the Judge in a low tone, "has come to wince me."

I understood perfectly the meaning of the technical term thus employed by the federal judge, although, as a very young lawyer, I had been practising but a short time in the United States courts. A federal judge is "winced" when he renders a decision in favour of the government after having been investigated by the Department of Justice with a view to his impeachment. The laity often confuse this practice with what is known technically as "hacking." A federal jury is "hacked" when it is made up from a small group of talesmen who have sat again and again in the box until their prejudices and peculiarities are thoroughly well known to the federal prosecutor.

"Come to wince you!"

I echoed the words of Judge Spearhead in a tone of panic as I met the look in his magnificent eyes. My mind reverted at once to the details of the crime he had confessed while we breakfasted downstairs together. He read my thoughts in my face.

"Yes," Judge Spearhead assented, "the Department of Justice at Washington has got wind of my crime."

"It was committed," I reminded him, "a good many years ago."

"Yes," said the aged man, "just before President Hayes made me a federal judge. The Department wants a peculiar statute found constitutional in a hurry and if I decide against it——"

"I see," I said. "The story you have told me will be laid before the judiciary committee of the House."

"Exactly. Come down with me and I'll face this bureaucrat in the drawing-room."

I kept pace with Judge Spearhead as he walked down

the wide stairs. When we stood at last in the presence of Mr. Snippie, I found that well-known official of the Department of Justice to be an aggressively well-groomed man in black, middle-aged and low-voiced.

"Me deah Judge," he murmured, after my presentation to him, "I have been sent to you by the Depahtment upon ah mission of ah vewy intimate nachah."

The federal bureaucrat eyed me as he pronounced these words in his mincing way. It was obvious that he wished me to take myself off. I preferred to do nothing of the kind.

"I have no secrets from my young friend." Judge Spearhead bowed to me in his grandest manner as he made that flattering observation. Thus emboldened, I stared defiantly at the federal bureaucrat, who was known to owe his influence in the Department of Justice to his knowledge of certain extraordinary indiscretions on the part of the Chief Justice.

"But me deah Judge," pleaded Mr. Snippie, "the object of me visit is to institute an investigation into the affairs of Miss Genevieve Vivian."

The mere mention of this name made me tremble and turn pale. It was that of the fair young victim of Judge Spearhead's crime. The bureaucrat must have detected my agitation had he been less intent upon noting how Judge Spearhead bore the shock. But the name seemed to make no impression at all upon the distinguished jurist.

"What a coincidence," he observed in a pleased tone. "I have just been discussing her with my young friend here."

I met the swift look of the bureaucrat with a glance that I strove to render indifferent.

"And now, gentlemen," resumed the judge, "I must invite you to ascend a number of flights of stairs."

I exchanged another look with the powerful bureaucrat as the three of us walked one after another quite to the top of the house. Our further progress was finally impeded by what seemed at first a panel of substantial oak, but which turned out after a series of rappings by the judge to be a sliding door. We were on the threshold of a spacious apartment into which at a gesture from our host we both preceded him.

"To begin with," said Judge Spearhead, "you must look at the portrait of Genevieve Vivian."

He pushed aside a pair of velvet curtains between two wide windows and turned to face us swiftly, with an obvious eagerness to note the effect of the masterpiece exposed to our gaze.

Genevieve Vivian had evidently been a tall brunette of the most spiritualised type. The large and agitating eyes were curtained by lashes through which an expression of an almost too appealing tenderness left the federal bureaucrat as mute as myself.

"What shoulders!" murmured Mr. Snippie at last. "Ah! what shoulders!"

"And," I ejaculated, "that bust!"

A full minute was exhausted by the three of us in absorbed contemplation of a face and a form so transfixing even through the medium of mere paint that I must have been motionless in front of it indefinitely had not Judge Spearhead interrupted the chain of my reflections.

"Her ankles!" murmured the venerable expounder of the constitution. "You should have seen her ankles."

The federal bureaucrat exchanged a look with me as Judge Spearhead with a sigh drew those envious curtains back to their silent station as sentinels over all this treasure of brow and arm and waist line. I thought this scene had concluded, but to my surprise the Judge proceeded to develop it.

"I must next," he observed, "let you have a sight of Genevieve's shoes."

Mr. Snippie took up his position beside the small round table and in temporary forgetfulness of his bureaucratic dignity emitted a light whistle. For my part I stood motionless as the Judge took a small gold key from his pocket. His hand now trembled to such an extent that he could not entrust it with the execution of his purpose. He pointed to a painted casket that reposed in a corner beneath an empty bird cage.

I succeeded, with the assistance of the federal bureaucrat, in lifting the object, which was rather heavy, from its resting place beneath the bird cage to a more eligible situation on the little round table under the chandelier. Obedient to an expression on the countenance of the old

man, I took that key from his hand and inserted where it belonged in the lid of the casket. Judge Spearhead himself now stepped forward.

" Now," he said, " for Genevieve's shoes."

His hand trembled no longer as he lifted the lid of the casket and the gleam in his eye made him ten years younger. I saw a gleam of precisely the same sort in the eye of the federal bureaucrat as he quitted his post at the window for a sight of the curiosities laid open to our gaze. I beheld first of all a medley of gold and silk and red and braid. Judge Spearhead thrust a hand beneath this top layer.

" Here they are!"

A cry of delight escaped the lips of Mr. Snippie and myself as the Judge flashed that pair of Genevieve Vivian's shoes in our faces. He placed the articles finally on the floor in front of a chair dating, as they did, from the administration of President Hayes.

" The effect," remarked Mr. Snippie, " is indescribably coquettish."

" Wait," said the federal Judge solemnly, " wait until you have seen the dress of Genevieve Vivian."

Before we could say a word he had lifted from its place in the casket the mass of vivid colour by which we had been so dazzled before.

" The portrait!" I gasped. " The dress in the portrait!"

" She wore it," sighed Judge Spearhead, " on the last night of her life."

He deposited all this rustling finery on the chair where the shoes were.

" And next," he cried, " her fascinator."

This article of feminine apparel, so much more in vogue under President Hayes than under President Wilson, was duly placed upon that chair with the other exhibits from the wardrobe of Genevieve Vivian. And thus, one by one, this distinguished member of the federal judiciary extracted from the casket every stitch of clothing worn by Genevieve Vivian on the last night of her brief life. The elucidations of Judge Spearhead, as he held up one article after another for inspection by the bureaucrat and myself, revealed an unexpected intimacy with the vanities of the period.

"But I must not detain you with mere preliminaries," the old man cried. "It is high time to come to the point."

I thought he meant to put the relics of Genevieve Vivian back into that casket. Instead of doing so he drew from it a skull. The spectacle drew from the federal bureaucrat and myself another simultaneous cry.

"Genevieve Vivian!"

"Ah, gentlemen," said Judge Spearhead," what must have been the sublimity of Hamlet's reflections had they been addressed not to Yorick's skull but to that of Genevieve Vivian!"

I could think of nothing at all to say as the Judge placed the relic on the chair with the others. He was silent too as he rummaged again in the casket and brought forth a metacarpal bone. This, after a swift inspection, he placed in one of the shoes of the deceased, only to go back to the casket for a tarsal bone or two, a pair of femurs and some ribs. In putting these bones with the clothing on the chair, he effected a most deft articulation of them. He further integrated the skeleton by procuring for the purpose out of the casket the phalanges, the lumbar vertebræ and the clavicle. The task was done so swiftly that I did not realise how well he had succeeded until he had drawn back once more the curtains that hid the portrait of Genevieve Vivian.

"Gentlemen," confessed Judge Spearhead then; "I am the murderer of Genevieve Vivian!"

"I know that," replied the emissary from the Department of Justice. "So does the Attorney General."

Judge Spearhead was not in the least disconcerted. He told at once the story of his crime, committed on the day following his selection for the federal bench by President Hayes. There had been delay in the confirmation of Spearhead by the Senate; and before the unhappy man could dispose of the body of his victim he was forced to present at Washington the evidence of his good character. This he succeeded in doing with the aid of the president of the bar association, who had perjured himself shortly before in the interest of a monopoly and feared exposure by Spearhead.

All who have listened but once while this famous Judge was charging a federal jury need not be told that he grew

more and more animated as he unfolded the facts of the case. A climax came when he pointed first at the portrait of Genevieve Vivian and then at her skeleton.

"Hold him!" cried Mr. Snippie. "He's fainting."

I reassured the bureaucrat as I laid the form of the Judge on a sofa. I knew the old gentleman to be subject to these attacks.

"Wait until he comes to himself," I suggested. "You'll get the whole story."

"It's been on the secret files of the Department of Justice for months." The bureaucrat smiled at my innocence as he added: "I'll let Judge Spearhead off this time and get after Judge Bumm."

"Really!" I said. "Is he a murderer too?"

The bureaucrat shuddered as he extracted a paper from a wallet.

"My God!" I exclaimed, when I had read it over his shoulder, "compared with Bumm Spearhead is an angel."

"We'll let Spearhead alone for the present," observed the federal bureaucrat. "He's so strong with the bar."

"There isn't a creature in town who would testify against him," I cried. "He had just confessed to me before you came."

"Bumm is still left," laughed Mr. Snippie. "Bumm has simply got to take the Department's view of the constitutionality of that statute."

In his earnestness the federal bureaucrat laid aside the affected mode of speech so very prevalent in the Department of Justice. A thought occurred to me.

"But Bumm holds another view altogether."

"He won't," retorted the bureaucrat, "when he's winced."

"Bumm," I repeated, "Bumm guiltier than even Spearhead. The most learned judges on the bench!"

"All the judges who know the law are rascals," explained Mr. Snippie, "and those who are not rascals don't know the law."

The Visit of Mr. Mencken

WHETHER or no the sea-serpent approaches these shores this season, we shall at least find consolation in the arrival of an indubitable portent, Mr. H. L. Mencken. The importance to literary and dramatic England can hardly be over-estimated, for Mr. Mencken represents a phenomenon which is almost unknown in Europe, though conditions should, on the face of them, make its appearance much more likely:—The Man with the Hammer.

One of the absurd slogans that one sees hanging up in the offices of the less reputable firms in America is:—"Sell your hammer and buy a horn."

This cryptic injunction means that the whole duty of man is to "bring forth butter in a lordly dish" and see whether it will melt in the mouths of his compatriots.

Now Mr. Mencken has not discarded the horn; he has stood resolute and fought for people who had even a spark of genius. He, and he alone, has put America on the literary map. Without his intervention, we might still be standing by the conclusions of "Art in America" which appeared in THE ENGLISH REVIEW in 1912, instead of preparing a series of articles to tell Europe of how the Lord has made those dry bones live.

But Mr. Mencken has not sold his hammer. Practically single-handed, and mostly by means of an organ of a kind which, in Europe, could not possibly play a serious tune, he has made himself universally dreaded by the literary faker, who abounds in America to an extent which is quite unthinkable even in the shoddiest circles of Fleet Street to-day.

From Edgar Allen Poe, Brann of the *Iconoclast*, to William Marion Reedy, of *The Mirror*, America has been rather fortunate in possessing isolated Isaiahs. But of these Mr. Mencken is incomparably the most important. He has made his name dreadful to all literary and dramatic humbugs. His racy, cynical, exhilarating style compels

the reader, and his contempt has been only the more deadly because of the good-humoured slang in which he couches it. The extent of his triumph may be gauged by the fact that he is writing in *Harper's*, the *Century*, and other former reactionary strongholds. Without declaring that his judgment is always impeccable, we can say that his critical acumen is at least equal to anything that we can show in Europe, and he has exercised his power with a decision and authority which is almost incomprehensible to people accustomed to the compromises of Fleet Street.

It is hardly too much to hope that his visit to Europe may be the beginning of the end of the flabbiness and half-heartedness of English criticism. He is a living witness to the fact that it is not necessary to acquiesce in the shoddy output of our literary linendrapers any longer.

Mr. Mencken's motto has been: first right, then upright, and then downright.

Our national fear of saying something about an author whom we may possibly meet at dinner the following week has destroyed our national standards of literature, and, despite the Puritans and tradesmen of America, she is actually forging ahead of us because of our lack of independent criticism.

"Consider one fact: the civilisation that kissed Maeterlinck on both cheeks, and Tagore perhaps even more intimately . . . ."

That is typical of his smashing blow; may he lay about him heartily during his visit to Europe!

THEATRE-CRAFT
Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

The Contemporary Theatre

By Hermon Ould

THE meagreness of the French section at the International Theatre Exhibition is to some extent explained by the success of the Guitry season at the Princes Theatre. It becomes clear that the French theatre is not greatly concerned with the *mise-en-scène* of a play, nor indeed with the technique of play-writing, but has concentrated its forces on the art of acting. The last item of the season, *Le Grand Duc*, by Sacha Guitry, produced in a setting whose sham realism of the vulgarest kind sets one's teeth on edge, succeeds solely by virtue of the most accomplished interpretation of every one of the five *rôles*. The play itself is built on a theme at least as old as Calderon's comedy, *El Maestro de Danzar*, upon which Wycherley based his *Gentleman Dancing Master*, and the technique employed is redolent of the farces which were going out of fashion twenty years ago. Even the aside and the soliloquy are used as a matter of course, while the many doors, telephones, unexplained coincidences, unmotivated entrances—anachronisms which the average English playwright avoids at all costs—are unblushingly resorted to. Perhaps these defects don't matter because the acting is so perfect. The paramount importance which the French attach to the art of acting is shown by their habit of ascribing the "creation" of a character, not to the playwright, but to the player. M. Sacha Guitry happens to be the author of *Le Grand Duc*, but when he is described on the programme as "créateur du rôle" of Michel Alexis, it does not mean that he wrote the play and invented the character, but that he was the first to act the part.

It is impossible to imagine what less talented actors would have made of a theme so threadbare and of char-

acters which, in the writing, are so " mear," as the author of *The Young Visiters* would have said. There is one passage when the Grand Duc (M. Lucien Guitry) replies to a series of perhaps a dozen questions with a simple " Oui," sometimes preceded by a " mais " or an " ah," and the variety of expression and meaning which M. Guitry contrives to get into the utterance of this little monosyllable is staggering. One holds one's breath in expectancy as question follows question and is met with the same verbal reply expressed with a sure but subtle difference. This is not a tribute to the playwright: a playwright has no right to expect such amazing understanding in his *créateurs des rôles*; but it is a very sincere tribute to the actor. The *ingénue* of Mademoiselle Yvonne Printemps was no less a thing to marvel at. Without ever exaggerating, she scored every point of which the play was capable with the most perfect ease. The simplest episodes—the singing, for instance, of a series of scales rising in semi-tones in the way beloved of teachers—became a sheer joy, so unfailing was the emphasis of every significant movement and gesture.

The pity of it is that gifts so abundant and so unusual should be devoted to such indifferent material. If French plays ranked equally with French acting, and if French producers showed some sign of an acquaintance with the trend of the more significant developments in the art of presentation, the French theatre would be without a rival. But acting is at its best but an interpretive art, and if the thing interpreted is only of ephemeral interest, one is left wondering why so much talent is spent on a matter of so little importance.

That the public, in England at any rate, *is* interested in the art of presentation has been abundantly proved by the extraordinary success of the Theatre Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Every time I have visited it the rooms have been uncomfortably full and it has sometimes been difficult to get an uninterrupted view of the exhibits. Managers, it may be hoped, are not overlooking this index to the public's dawning interest in the newer arts of the theatre. The present management at the Kingsway, Messrs. Benrimo and Associates, seems alive to the possibilities in this direction. Beginning its career with a pro-

duction of *The Yellow Jacket*—least realistic of modern plays—it is now showing a Spanish play, *Spanish Lovers*, with scenery which has been adapted from the Sam Hume interchangeable settings, of which we gave an example in our June issue.

The Cambridge Marlowe Society gave a week's performances of *Troilus and Cressida* at the Everyman Theatre, and brought a freshness and enthusiasm which compensated for some technical defects. The intense conviction with which the actors played their parts made palatable a play whose disillusionment and after-war cynicism might have proved too relevant in subtler hands. The production was often good to look at, and Mr. Alec Penrose's back-cloths for the later scenes were really helpful in giving material expression to the conflict of the drama. One regretted, however, that the setting was not more consistent. Greek pylons and curtains are in themselves a sufficient means for creating a setting for *Troilus and Cressida*, though in these days an expressionistic setting would be more interesting. Mr. Penrose provided both, some scenes having a dignified simplicity and neutrality which left the poet to call up the place of action, others being purely expressionistic. The result was a certain incongruity and lack of synthesis. Mr. Penrose probably knows this as well as I do, and when he gets a chance of working in a theatre which offers adequate means of carrying out his ideas, he will strive for greater unity of intention and effect. The Marlowe Society may count on a warm welcome when it comes to London again, for its freshness, its enthusiasm, and its youth—all good things!

The Artist Outside the Theatre

By Paul Nash.

FRANKLY it is with a feeling of diffidence that I comply with the request of the editors of Theatre-Craft to write about my aims and methods in relation to the art of the theatre. My experience in working for the stage is confined to one production—my first and only opportunity. Nor am I able to look back upon this with much satisfaction, since it was conceived mainly with the tongue in the cheek, not from any personal perversity, but by positive instructions of the author. I refer to Sir James Barrie's *Truth about the Russian Dancers* (Coliseum, 1920), where the scene was required to be " bizarre as in Russian ballet." I took for my examples the later, more austere, designers working for Mon. Diaghileff, Derain and Larinow, and was promptly hailed by a discerning Press as an imitator of Bakst! " Russian Dancers "—Russian Ballet, Russian Ballet—Bakst, " Russian Dancers "—Nash . . . Nash-Bakst. Q.E.D.

The experience, although not so valuable as would have been a production in a normal-sized theatre—taught me much. I shall always be grateful for the perspicuity of Mr. Edwin Evans—the courageous donor of my maiden opportunity. Since then I have taken my stand outside the mansion of the theatre where like the uninvited guest I remain, with my nose to the glass. I am not, of course, alone or quite ignored. Occasionally a still small voice (can it be Gordon Craig's?) cries: " Why not go down the area and in at the scullery door? Begin at the bottom; in time you'll join in the party as a Servant in the Mansion of the Theatre! " There is much truth in that, and I am nothing loth. But I have to live: What wages are paid for my services in the mansion of the theatre? The still small voice is silent. Now, so far as I can see, if the artist cannot afford to go into the theatre, the theatre cannot afford to make use of the artist. Of what real good to one or the

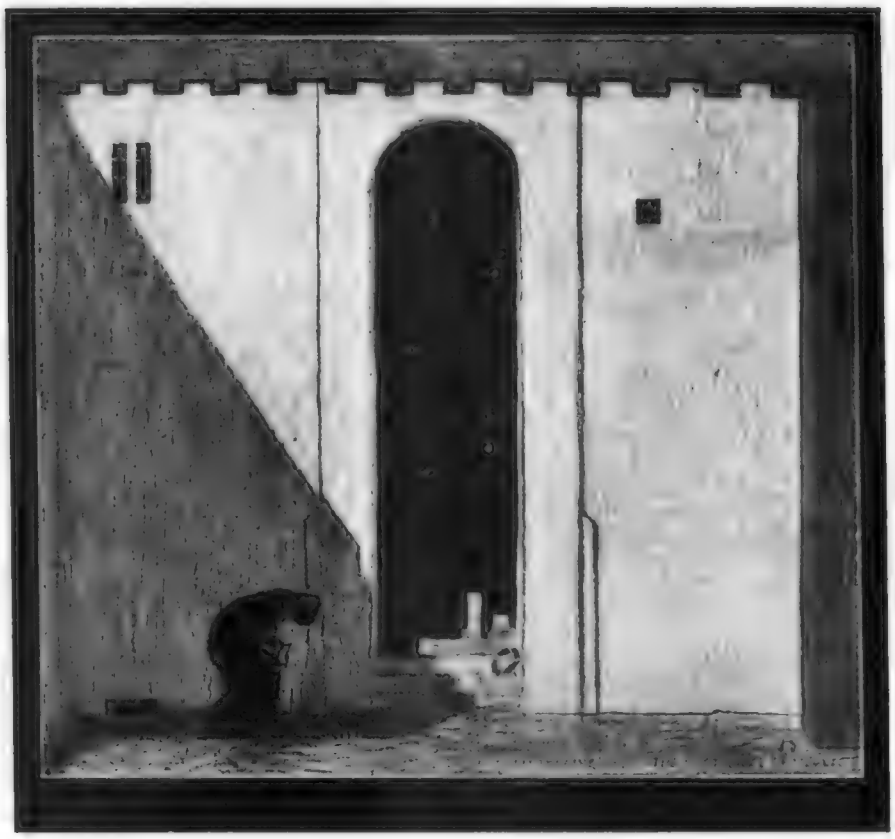
other is an occasional "production"? Little or none. If the theatre needs the services of the artist, and I maintain these are just the services it does need very badly, the theatre must invite him into its mansion as a decently paid servant. When this is done the artists will be in and *of* the theatre, until then they will remain outside.

It is as an outsider only that I have a right to speak. My first glimpse behind the scenes of the theatrical workshop was in 1913, when I became acquainted with my friend Albert Rutherston while he was engaged in designing the décor for Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion." I think I was very thrilled, especially by the exquisite craftsmanship of my new friend in the construction of his models, but it was not until the autumn of last year that I first attempted to build scenes in miniature and realised the possibilities of a new form of expression. Subsequent experiments have convinced me of two facts with regard to model construction. (1) The designer must make his own models. (2) He must evolve a technique. The first conviction is borne out by a mass of evidence in the Model room at the International Theatre Exhibition. What a vast superiority the home-made article has over the shop-made! The latter is dead, a smart, lifeless toy; the former has character and life. I make exception, of course, on the case of Gordon Craig's models—probably made in his schools under his direction—although they may well be the work of his own hands. With regard to technique, I believe certain materials and pigments to be suitable, others to be impossible. Whatever is employed, however, should be with an eye to the ultimate translation and enlargement on the stage, *not* to the creation of a good-looking toy. If figures are introduced they should be three-dimensional; nothing looks so meaningless as a flat silhouette among solid forms. But the great value of the model lies in its possibilities as a field of operations for lighting. It is from this point of view that the model ceases to be merely an aid to visualisation and becomes a positive source of inspiration.

Since I first began to make designs outside the theatre I have conceived a number of scenes which I am assured are impracticable. In some cases I realise I must stand corrected, but in others I believe my critics to be mistaken,

Setting by Paul Nash for Act IV of The Black Virgin by Hermon Ould.

A clearing in the wood above Burgstein, night. This is a scene almost entirely composed of rectangular forms. The principle of the folding screen underlies the design. The group of trees to right and the hedge between the two paths is each a type of screen. So, too, is the formation of the banks from the floor of the wood to the edge of the cliff. The employment of bald, angular shapes is an attempt to convey, in simple scenic terms, the atmosphere of a lonely place at night in a wood of gaunt pines. A neutral tint serves for the whole scene, save that the facets of certain tree forms and the two paths are painted a whiter tone. The lighting is so directed that long shadows are cast, naturally, across the banks and the floor as by a moon low in the sky.



Setting by Maxwell Armfield for
The Lost piece of Silver.
(Greenleaf Theatre.)

Setting by Maxwell Armfield for Pierrot's Welcome (Constance Smedley-Armfield.)
(Greenleaf Theatre.)

A Platform facing the sea. Dawn. Design by Paul Nash.

This scene is built only as deep as the further upright pole where a cutting shows in the sea wall. Behind this hangs a backcloth, and the sky and an illusion of continuing perspective are lightly and suggestively constructed. The sea is represented by a floor of planks in concertina formation, its section abruptly camouflaged on the threshold of the stage by a slight wall, the foot of the outer frame which encloses the whole scene. Two flat screens, one falling inwards from halfway up the left side of the inclosure, the other dropping from top left to a few feet down on the right side, make a pentagonal opening of the inner frame. The significance of these slanting screens is twofold: as practical aids to the presentation of the scene and as adjuncts to the dramatic composition as a design.

although, until I am able to experiment on the actual stage, I cannot refute their charges. For instance, the possibilities of curtain scenes seem very considerable, but to what extent curved or angular hinged rods can be employed for the hanging of weighted curtains I have yet to discover. The folding screen, too, is by no means exhausted as a means to many new ends. And this brings a reminder of a new theatre peril, *e.g.*, The Economical Staging Stunt. Heaven knows we all owe a great debt to Gordon Craig, but to his imitators we owe what may prove our undoing! So far as I know Mr. Craig was the innovator of *simplicity* in scenic design, and he has made things of solemn beauty with his means. But simplicity, which is the highest virtue in the work of a genius may result in mere dullness in the thought of a fool. In the thought of a manager simple staging stands for economical staging, to him it is a "sending"—easy, cheap, and "modern," no designers required—none of these impertinent theatre artists!—send for the stage carpenter and God bless Gordon Craig! With regard to my personal aims and objects as a designer for the Theatre, these I hope to demonstrate by my work rather than explain by my pen. This opportunity, however, might be taken to state a few beliefs. On a question of the moment—Expressionism. The danger of expressionism is the danger that lies in front of all hard-and-fast creeds of "simplification"—reduction to absurdity. Symbolism, the soul of expressionism, depends for its value upon imagination; it can be stark, it should never be obvious. The fact is the stage has lately swallowed cubism, but, unlike the painters, it has not yet accomplished its digestion. One of the first steps will be to reconcile the actors with their surroundings. Scenes composed of arbitrary, simplified forms peopled with realistic figures are anathema to the sense. My own interest in designing for the theatre is, first, to understand the play, next to interpret the play, finally, to heighten its drama.

Old Bill for Merrie England!

By Horace Shipp

ALL legends are essentially true, and doubtless there was a time when St. George, knight of chivalry and slayer of dragons, represented the English. The story of his metamorphoses has yet to be written; every age creates him anew, projects him from its contemporary life into its contemporary art or history, and leaves him as a record to posterity of its ideal and beloved Englishman. He was Drake and Tamburlaine and Shakespeare's Henry V. in the spacious days; he was Nelson and Wellington in the times of the French wars. Now on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre we meet him again—democratised, modernised, but still the saviour of England in time of peril: Old Bill.

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather created him—whether as a joke, an insult, or an act of grace has yet to be discovered—but already he has passed out of his creator's hands into the sacrosanctity of legend. His sayings, his doings, are common property; his appearance is as certain as that of Lloyd George, than whom he is much more real. This legendary person neither Edmund Gwenn nor Bairnsfather himself has power to change, and we can now only accept his existence as a first cause. Before Bairnsfather was, I am.

Were he only on the stage of the Lyceum, or a thing in books, this legend could never have arisen. But he is more. His natural and less restrained self fills gallery and pit; neither will the dress suits and shirt fronts of the stalls effect more than a thin disguise. My neighbour was palpably he. When the curtain went up to reveal Buckingham Palace, stone for stone and cornice for cornice painted on the backcloth as large as life, whilst a Guards band blared at top pitch, his enthusiasm burst the dams of convention and he assured me that there wasn't a theatre in the world where you'd see *that*; and that *they* (evidently the Brothers Melville) spared no expense to give you the

thing right. From that moment of revelation he reacted with mechanical certainty to the intention of the play, its incredible and amazing medley of humour, bathos, sentiment, "opinion," stage-trickery, music-hall gagging, and general stuff and nonsense being exactly prepared for his mental pabulum. When at the pit-head the women sang, "O God, our help in ages past," he wept; when Old Bill's pork pie and beer were stolen he yelled with mirth. Needless to say he knew every point of the legend. Alf's lighter and the inanity of Lieut. Cheerio were accepted *a priori* like Old Bill's walrus moustache.

The popular success of the play was assured from the moment when Capt. Bairnsfather (acting himself) made a lightning drawing of his hero on an enormous canvas. It was doubly assured when he fell asleep and his dreams of the Western Front were visualised through transparencies up stage, and when finally his picture came to life in the person of Edmund Gwenn the spell upon the audience was complete. Follows a dialogue upon the text, "We have won the war but the Germans will win the Peace," with sidelights upon the Bolshevik menace; and then the scene changes to the mines, where Old Bill, Bert, and Alf endure with cheerful idiocy the Peace in question. One need not trouble with the none-too-subtle machinery of the first part of the play. Two Bolshevik agents (disguised Germans, of course) hiss their villainies in the inconspicuous manner peculiar to stage spies; Maxwell, an extremist agitator, leads a strike at their instigation, steals a chart to enable them to destroy the mine when the men have left; Lord Torrymore, the benevolent and reasonable mine-owner (the part taken by a real live lord) asks to see two representatives of the men; and Maxwell is chosen to represent the wicked Left, Old Bill the real workers. Old Bill's demonstration of coal-mining in Lord Torrymore's library, with an erection of his lordship's furniture to represent the mine, the news of the false German's betrayal of Maxwell's trust and the impending disaster, our hero's race to the rescue, perfect his portrait as comic saviour. The ensuing picture of work in the mine would have imperilled the anti-Bolshevik propaganda had anyone in the audience been capable of thought, but that remote likelihood was dispelled by an explosion on a Brock's Benefit

scale. My impressionable fellow-stallite nearly died of excitement, and told everybody within hearng: "That's grand, that is," many times. Old Bill, entombed with Alf and Bert, turned on a current of Bairnsfather philosophy as the incoming water rose to their chins, explaining sadly that he "knew there was some catch in this 'ere peace." Being immortal, however, he is duly rescued, and the second part of the play deals with his standing for Parliament. A political meeting gives opportunity for the Sisters Desmond to exhibit their prowess as step-dancers, to various people to sing, and to Gwenn to do amazing comic things with a detachable shirt front and cuffs. Nevertheless, Bolshevik gold and German cunning are beating the national hero, till he appears on the village green in full war-kit and turns on a spate of patriotic oratory. Through a transparency at the back the Whitehall Cenotaph is aureoled, the villagers kneel, the audience weeps, the German-Bolshevik is lynched, Old Bill goes to Parliament after an interview in Westminster Abbey with the Spirit of the Unknown Warrior, and England is saved.

One sat amazed at the sureness with which everything got its effect, and wondered what necromancy gave Bairnsfather the key to this lowest common level of crowd mind. If he lost contact ever it was when he tried to drag Old Bill too near to purpose by consideration of the Bolshevik menace. This perilous approach to thought threatened at one moment to wreck the play. The audience will stand his sentimentally stroking the base of Gladstone's statue murmuring "William Ewart Gladstone, so *you* were old Bill too," they will even stand his political platitudes, but they obviously preferred his political creed of: "Drink when you like, as often as you like, in bed if you like."

Based upon an instinct for muddle-mindedness, schoolboy humour, and a complete absence of any intellectual standards whatever, Old Bill will probably achieve on the stage the success already his in current thought. Granted that Edmund Gwenn's acting is brilliant, and that Seymour Hicks knows his business too well to err as producer, the fact that a great audience can be swayed to wild enthusiasm by such stuff is not only artistically but nationally a tragedy.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

An Orange Dance

By Mrs. Carteret Leathes.

GREAT excitement prevailed in a very small rural village in County Down, as the women of the local branch of the Orange League were to give a dance, their first, in order to pay off their expenses.

We began to assemble at the men's Orange Hall at eight o'clock, and were received by a sandy wooden-faced woman of uncertain age who wore a mackintosh and no hat, with her hair pulled back straight from the forehead.

The children were allowed in now till ten o'clock, and various games were played for their benefit.

The rector's wife and daughter, with a few good-natured young women, grasped various infants' hands and formed a ring, and the floor having been well watered to prevent the dust from rising, they circled round and round to the tune of

> "The grand old Duke of York had 10,000 men,
> He marched them up and marched them down and
> marched them home again.
> And when they were up they were up,
> And when they were down they were down,
> And when they were only half way up
> They were neither up nor down."

When tired of this they changed it to something about a sporting miller who caught a fox and put it in a box, and a farmer who lived in a dell.

This amused them till ten o'clock, after which we were all regaled with tea and currant loaf.

The first cups of tea were very good, the second cups were dipped out of a milk pail, without emptying the dregs first.

Mention should also have been made of patriotic and Orange songs being sung during the games, the wooden lady being apparently the most popular performer (the

mackintosh not, as yet, having been removed). She had no voice and no ear, only what took the place of a voice went up and down and all over the keyboard somehow.

One gentleman sat in the farthest corner behind the crowd and sang, while regarding his boots so attentively one hardly realised the performance, and others of the same description. Only one man played the pipes, and he marched round vigorously at certain intervals, always playing the same tune.

After tea and cakes about 10.30 came the *pièce de résistance* of the evening, the Orange Quadrille. In my mind now are vivid recollections of ladies and gentlemen with gorgeous sashes of purple and orange ribbon, gold fringes, medals, etc., who promenaded solemnly round the hall, the piper having changed his pipes for a fiddle. Then I remember their standing in two circles, the ladies in the inner one, something to do with clapping of hands and whispering the password, after which, if I remember right, it concluded.

My friend told me the next day they all thought the password so beautiful, and she was so glad because she chose it; and when I asked what it was, she regretted she could not tell me, as I was not one of them.

After this they danced all the modern dances, the names being called out by the mistress of ceremonies, who then had discarded the mackintosh and joined in the dance.

I thought she showed great tact. A certain individual refused to dance with his cap off, so she went up to him and requested him to announce to all the dancers that it was not permitted to dance with caps on, after which, of course, his cap came off too.

They danced very quietly and sedately till about two o'clock, and those children who had not been sent home climbed up into the gallery and dropped orange pips or dribbled on to the bare necks of the girls below. They mostly wore blouses or jumpers and skirts.

Nothing could have been more serious and solemn except a funeral. The Irish do not spend their whole time joking.

The Next Step for Women

By Anne Martin

(Chairman of the National Woman's Party, 1916–17, Independent Candidate for United States Senator from Nevada, 1918, 1920)

WOMAN'S equality was not won with the vote. Only one barrier fell then. The inadequacy of the national woman suffrage amendment as a step to real equality is shown in striking manner by the economic and political position of American women to-day. In spite of frequent declarations by President Harding, politicians campaigning up and down the country, Fourth of July orations, and speeches by leaders of women's clubs and civic organisations, this country is not yet a " democracy." Women are not " free " and the equals of men, even with the vote in their hands. The United States to-day is a sex aristocracy. Professor Einstein to the contrary, American women as a class are ruled by men.

First and foremost, their economic position is abject. Wives are in theory and practice " dependents," although their unpaid labour in their homes earns their own and at least half their families' support. More than 90 per cent. of American families do not employ even one servant. Under average conditions the work of a farmer's wife is worth about $4,000 a year, according to a recent investigation by the home economics department of the University of Nebraska. If paid this, she could soon buy the farm. But the legal view and the theory most wives continue to live and work under is that they are " supported " by their husbands. In addition to these unpaid home workers, there are upwards of 12,000,000 women wage-earners outside the home, but property laws are still unfair and help maintain woman's inferior status. For example, under Nevada law a lazy husband may collect his wife's salary as a teacher, or her earnings as a washerwoman, and has been known to do it. To retain possession of her separate property the wife must make and file a yearly inventory of it at the court house, otherwise it becomes her husband's. As

to community property, I remember watching a very few years ago a " fight " in the Nevada Legislature to give the wife some control over this form of property accumulated by her joint efforts. A Bill was introduced requiring the wife's signature to legalise its sale. One eloquent legislator rose and said: " Nevada's a suffrage State now, and I'm all for the women (laughter), but this Bill would work hardship. I might be in New York City, for instance, selling mining shares, and it might cost me my profits in a fluctuating market, or even kill the sale, if I had to wait ten days for my wife's signature from 'way out in Nevada." This was a death-blow, as there was no woman legislator to point out that such technicalities are arranged beforehand by men partners, and could be arranged by husband and wife as partners. But Nevada is not alone in such discriminations. In Arkansas, for example, the husband controls community property. In Florida the wife may have her separate estate, but it remains in the " care and management of the husband." Georgia has a separate property law, but the earnings of the wife belong to the husband unless he consents that they shall be retained by her.* Although the outward rigours of the law have been softened in many States by married women's property Acts, in practically every State discriminations continue in one form or another against the wife. The fundamental injustice is that our legal system is a masculine institution. It will be humanised when women as legislators remake laws, as lawyers interpret them, as judges apply them, as jurors render verdicts.

The laws in several States deny mothers the right of equal guardianship over their own children, and give the father control of their person, education, occupation, earnings, or estates. But in every State, although there are equal guardianship laws in most of them, the superior traditional and economic position of the father is the actual dominating factor. And in cases that come into court judges are influenced by the common law principle that the father is the " natural " guardian, in spite of statutes, as shown by decisions in many States.

*The laws in the forty-eight States, with frequent sessions of the legislatures, are subject to frequent change, and may be changed in some cases by the time this article is published.

These discriminations against wives and mothers are, of course, largely due to their economic status. The vote has not changed it. Just as they were not taught, their girls to-day are not taught, in school or out of it, the shame of the continued financial subjection of women and the vital importance of their economic independence, with the opportunity for any kind of career open to boys. "Let them be sea-captains if they will," wrote Margaret Fuller nearly a century ago. Yet few careers are now open to women except as teachers and nurses, stenographers and clerks, factory workers and servants, all poorly paid or menial occupations.

Those women who are able to secure professional training in institutions which admit them are discriminated against in their work as doctors and lawyers. It is true that most hospitals, like Bellevue, have gradually admitted women internes, but the number who secure the enormous advantage of such training, and experience and prestige as members of hospital staffs, is proportionately small. Mount Sinai Hospital in New York has no women on its staff, and the largest woman's hospital in the city, which is controlled by men, until a short time ago absolutely refused to appoint a single woman. Now it has *one*—a *woman's* hospital! She was appointed assistant gynæcologist, not because she is a woman, but because her male partner on the staff insisted on having her help. An eminent woman doctor said to me: "I suppose it is not so much sex antagonism as economic competition. There are more medical graduates than there are positions in hospitals, and therefore men get most of the positions, as men distribute them. Though women may be equal or superior to men in ability, the odds are against them."

The same thing is true of women in the legal profession. An experienced woman lawyer told me that although the Bar Association of New York City excludes women, she has found judges pretty fair in appointing women lawyers receivers and trustees in small cases, but that men are most likely to get the big plums. Men's legal firms, too, get the large and lucrative corporation practice. Women lawyers get the "puttering jobs." This discrimination is not due to lack of ability, but to the fact that business and society are organised and controlled by men, and therefore

men, not women, are advanced in the great professions growing out of business and society.

As to her social equality, a survival of the mediæval conception that she is the personal subject of her husband exists to-day in the law that deprives an American woman of her citizenship and makes her an alien if she marries an alien. The newspapers make frequent mention of hardships suffered by prominent and wealthy women like Countess Szechenvi and Countess Bernstorff, who became respectively Hungarian and German subjects by their marriages, and whose property was confiscated by the Alien Property Custodian during the war. But we do not hear so much of the humiliations and insults suffered by less prominent Americans who have married foreigners, and there are many. Yesterday, however, the newspapers used as a piquant story the plight of three reputable American women who had been transformed by their marriages into a Russian, an Austrian, and a Pole, and who were detained on Ellis Island as aliens under the immigration law. The anti-suffragists used to argue that such "inconveniences" are offset by advantages; for example, in the case of citizenship, an alien woman becomes automatically naturalised by marrying an American citizen. This suggestion gives small comfort to American-born "aliens" on Ellis Island. Nothing less than absolutely independent citizenship on the terms that men hold it can remove this aged injustice. The two Bills for this purpose recently before Congress—the Rogers Bill and the Johnson Bill—are both unfair to American women who marry aliens; unlike American men, their citizenship is safe under the marital relation only while they continue to live in this country. If they live for two years in the husband's native country they are, like naturalised aliens, presumed to have abandoned their American citizenship.

As to sex offences, there are numerous cases under the California Red Light Abatement Act, and cases in other States investigated through the Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board, where the women were punished heavily, while the men found with them suffered light penalties or none at all. Anyone who has attended a night court in a large city can never forget the bedraggled procession of women, young and prematurely old, brought before it, and

sentenced to jail on the testimony of policemen who are making records, and often graft or promotion, out of these arrests.

"I was standing on the street corner and seen her speak to a man. She was soliciting, your Honour."

On such evidence many a young girl has received her first jail sentence. Where are the men who "solicit" girls? Courts, custom, society continue to punish the woman for sex offences, while the man usually goes free.

Such is women's economic and social "equality," with the vote won. What of their political equality?

Political parties, national, State, and county, are exclusively controlled by men. It is only through the party organisation, of course, that women can be nominated to office, unless they run as Independents. The determination of men to keep control, in spite of the enfranchisement of women, is seen in the action of the Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania. It met recently and appointed a woman vice-chairman and another woman assistant secretary. At the same time the committee adopted a rule that no woman would be eligible for the offices of chairman, secretary, or treasurer of the committee, and a further rule that in the absence of the chairman the secretary (a man) should preside. The Philadelphia newspapers, which have dealt very fully with this incident, do not explain why any woman is satisfied to hold office under such conditions. An official of the Pennsylvania League of Women Voters writes me that "the League has a tremendous task before it to educate women to demand their just rights." The same thought occurred to me as I watched important political appointments by President Harding following his inauguration. They went exclusively to men. With rare exceptions women hold no high (or low) executive, administrative, or judicial offices, national or State. There are no women ambassadors or consuls. Since the founding of the Government more than 25,000 men have been elected to Congress, and only two women. Hundreds of thousands of men have been elected to State legislatures, and probably less than one hundred women, although equal suffrage prevailed in our western States many years before the ratification of the national amendment last year.

The Government of the United States is, then, a sex aristocracy. Women are ruled by men. What are they doing to raise their inferior status? Not much. Their passive acceptance of it is the greatest obstacle. They are still satisfied, most of them, with the vote in their hands, to act as ladies' aid societies to men's political parties, doing much of the drudgery of campaigns under the orders of the men in control. They do not see that when swallowed up within the parties they are powerless. They still stand patiently outside convention halls, State legislatures, and the doors of Congress as lobbyists, waiting for their men representatives to appear for a hurried moment to cock an impatient ear toward their pleas for women's measures. Very, very few of them see that the next step toward equality must be winning woman's share, woman's *half* in man-controlled government. They can then remove by direct action as legislators and administrators, no longer by " indirect influence," all discriminations against half the race. But most of them cannot shake off the conviction planted in their minds by centuries of teaching, that women as a sex are inferior to men. Society also retains this opinion. The schools, the Church, the political forum, all still controlled by men, keep fixed the status of women.

Another obstacle is the newspapers, whose news and articles are most naturally accented by the male psychology which controls them, and help to keep women where they are. So do some of the large women's magazines, edited by men with a few exceptions: Just as certain of these magazines were against suffrage until it became popular and inevitable, to-day they are not urging women to take the next step. On the contrary, one of the largest ridicules editorially the demand that all jobs be open to women as well as men, and that the pay scale be the same.

Woman's course is clear. One lesson indelibly written in the hearts of some suffragists by the seventy years' struggle for the vote, is that women must work as a separate political force to win equality.

In this way, undoubtedly, women must continue to work to win the next step, the establishment of political equality. Propaganda and appeal to men will not do it, as shown by the suffrage struggle through three generations, and by the failure of groups of women voters, backed by mere pleas of

their millions of members, to win their legislative programme from the last Congress. The present Woman's Party Bill removing all discriminations in every State and abrogating " the common law disabilities of women and the special immunities of men," will not do it, even when passed by the forty-eight legislatures. Nothing less than woman's actual and equal participation in government, and in all the business of life, will establish her equality. To accomplish it a " woman's party " using political pressure is strategically necessary against the " man's party," whether it be Republican or Democratic, which controls our Government. This woman's party need not nominate its own candidates, but should encourage and support qualified women candidates, whatever their political affiliations, if they pledge themselves to place the interests of women above the interests of any political party. Many can thus be elected, and a half share in government secured. Such strategy is necessary only until women have " caught up " with men, and won both political and economic equality. Then sex, both male and female, will be out of politics. As human beings, women can freely give their best. The standard of ability, not sex, will be established in the affairs of life, and men and women will move together with increased power toward a more human world.

Ireland

By the Editor

FACED at last with the specific of her agelong trials and abominations, Ireland stands at the cross-roads of destiny —to be or not to be. We, not without amusement, are looking on, and, provided that we can contain our other Irish elements and continue to look on, Ireland at least will have her opportunity and we our justification. Both are essential to peace, indeed for us non-interference is the law; the only law, because the only instrument that can be of any use to ourselves or the Irish.

After the foul murder of Field-Marshal Wilson we hovered on the brink of fate, and Mr. Churchill, yielding to political opportunism, went dangerously near the precipice, but fortune favoured us in Ireland herself. Before his implied threat could work mischief the rebels had resorted to deeds and the Free State was confronted with the dilemma of government. Mr. Collins, accurately gauging our and his own predicament, acted with prompt discretion. Dublin had another fusillade, and though more civilians seem to have been injured than soldiers in the fray the rebellion is to-day scotched as a serious danger, and only the irreconcilables, the mystics, and professional wreckers remain to beat the now vapid air of discord there. It was high time, and no doubt the conflict had to be. The second phase opened, which is really an astonishing illustration of Irish statesmanship. There were no shootings. "Justice," in its prescribed *rôle*, appears to have died with the dust and documents of the Four Courts, blown to the wind. The rebels are ignored, just ignored. The Government, having shot them up, ceases to worry about them; the rebels are reduced to nobodies—failures. Within a week the situation changes. Dublin surveys the wreckage and is content.

"The rebellion" looks flat, falls flat, is flat. It has

destroyed itself. Even the girls realise that a rebellion is stomachless without martyrs, and there are no martyrs, not even the long-bearded figure of Father Dominic taken red-handed attains to martyr-postcard fame. Dublin proceeds to the next phase, which lies in clearing up the country-side. The inevitable tale has it that De Valera contemplates the ruins in his morning constitutional, unmolested and unsaluted.

All this is really very remarkable and cheering. Had Mr. Collins shot his rebels, thereby making martyrs, Ireland might have been aflame. As it is, Ireland is settling down after her own fashion, ridding herself of her dissensions. Her method betrays genius. This is Ireland, her mystery, her spirit, her spirituality. No other people could have done such a thing or dared attempt it. Sinn Fein was born of the deaths of the Irish poets shot in 1916. Mr. Collins simply ignores—too proud to kill; it is a world gesture. In this wise Ireland will win through. It is not so much clemency as understanding. It is the needful medicine of applied psychology which we have never grasped in Ireland. We may call it the open exhaust letting off the poisons, dissolving the congested adhesions of the years. The "blessed" mystery of Ireland has thus become objective, and, looked at firmly, it is not insurmountable. So long as Ireland was a poison area of creed and vendettas divided by a stream which was an English river, an island, locked to another island so lonely and ineffable, set in the silver sea, Death was her call and inspiration and shadows were the substance of her realities. To "die for Ireland" was her saintly divination. To die in and for the hotels of Dublin is only vanity. Her complex was diseased. But now health is returning to her. The problem of the Free State was the choice of martyrdom—would Ireland prefer death and the republic or constructive sanity? She chose the robust path. Similarly with the rebels, who probably do not muster 5,000 fighters in the island. Mr. Collins has absolved them from martyrdom, and in the act the foundations of statesmanship have been laid. Even mediæval history will not be able to cope with the fascination of life, once the life of true Irish rule is established, and if the Irish are allowed to work their way through and up according to their lights and tendencies, the Free State will be

securely founded on the ashes of the Four Courts and the bill will be reasonably cheap.

The final phases will probably depend upon Mr. Smith of England. There are likely to be strange ups and downs, and Irish methods may not appeal to our conceptions of humour. Our cue is patience. In time the Irish will aristocratise and democratise themselves. They will settle down, if left alone; then, and perhaps not before long, Ireland will justify herself and Britain.

Vessels of Wrath

By Austin Harrison

THE fall in the French franc promises at last to bring about a change in heart towards the economics of Europe. Surveying declining Europe with its exchanges all slipping into astronomical figures, its growing devastation represented by over-production on the one side and falling purchasing-power on the other, thereby threatening the very foundations of the world's credit system, the logical French are beginning to realise that man cannot live by the map alone, if the candle does not pay. It is not paying. Realisation of the fact registers in itself a positive advance, thus the latest crisis is welcome. Perhaps the penultimate Reparations crisis has arrived, men say. But in a world of false values caution is imperative. One can only note with satisfaction that *The Times* has started to write economic reasonableness, and as in France herself the reaction to the Bloc National has definitely set in, there may be some chance of arriving at a settlement of what Germany has to pay and how she is to pay it, thus averting the crash, with all the physical consequences implied, provided, to quote the Prince of Wales, Europe is permitted to be " on the eve of a steady and peaceful recovery."

* * * * * *

For three years month by month I have preached this doctrine of common sense in the true interests of France quite as much as in our own; probably to-day 70 per cent. of thinking Britain knows that European recovery is essential, or Europe will sink into mediævalism and Britain into a poor nation which cannot trade. But if we are to get out of the morass, we must act. So long as we cannot agree about Reparations, nothing constructive will be done and Europe will sink further into disaster. The diagnosis is simple; it is Reparations. Europe has been divided into two politico-economic groups, outside of which stands Russia, the potential of either, but at present still the

disintegrator of both, and because the cleavage is military or political the economics also are political. That is the difficulty. The enemy is to be smashed in peace, according to the Treaty, and Europe split up into victor and vanquished groupings: politically by annexations, economically by penalties and indemnities described by Mr. Lloyd George as "terrible." Now "terrible" economics mean numerical absurdities, as at last most men realise. Castrating Austria deprived that country of her credit, which to-day stands at 130,000 crowns to the sovereign. Smashing Hungary has driven her credit to 4,000 marks to the sovereign. Crippling Germany has driven the mark to 2,000 odd, and always Russia is outside the picture with no credit at all; and always the ancillary States react in sympathy. The mathematics or producing and distributing balance of Europe are wrong, that is the diagnosis, and the disturbance is aggravated by political walls of tariffs which have made of Europe a frontier map of sentry-boxes to the taboo of trade and normal commercial intercourse. That done, the victors started super-production, supported here by the F.B.I., which ought to have known better, and by trade unionism, which jumped at the prospect of good wages. For a year the process worked—on paper. But the result of these "terrible" economics was soon felt. We had too much to sell and no one could buy; then as the exchanges cracked our plus became a minus: result, unemployment here, bank overdrafts there, and such is the condition to-day, practically the only prosperous people being the bankers, who, as they control credit, find themselves stocked or stacked with idle money and usurious facilities literally compelling them to enlarge their premises in self-defence.

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At last France, who has avoided unemployment by placing her young men in the Army, is afflicted—her credit falls. French credit has remained good really for political reasons, for financially France is in desperate plight, and when, as we saw last month, France turned down the American bankers her political credit foundered. It is unfortunate to have to blame France, our Ally, but France's case is the key, and until France, who economically has issued better out of the war than any of the victor Powers,

is eased or squeezed financially little, I fear, will happen to lighten the burden of the terrible economics imposed upon us all by politicians who, in their fear and hatred of Bolshevism, forgot that credit was the cradle of capitalism. France thus is the problem, and the problem is both political and economic. She needs money to balance her terrible Budgets; she needs some kind of political security which will enable her to settle down once more to peaceful civilisation; in short, she needs Britain. At present we stand by the London Agreement, that is to say, Germany has to pay £6,000,000,000, of which France is to "touch" 52 per cent., or roughly £3,200,000,000. Such is the dilemma—dilemma because all the brain of all the gentlemen who wrought such terrible impositions at Versailles overlooked credit, which was the one thing that mattered in a world economic system based on credit, whereupon Germany walked out by the open window on the exchange. Can we settle the problem? We can, because it so happens that we incurred £1,300,000,000 debt from Europe on account of France, of which France's direct share is £550,000,000, which fact puts us in an authoritative position to use our debenture rights.

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There is our debt to America, which of course we must honour, as we are about to do by paying interest, and so we can begin our levelling operations by printing bonds and handing them over to Mr. George Harvey with our compliments. But that is an Anglo-Saxon question which will eventually be decided as Anglo-Saxons do decide such things, non-politically. All the same, we had better do it because it will appease the American farmer, who demands the stuff much as the French peasant automatically exclaims, "*Faut toucher de l'argent*," when the word Boche is ejaculated. The real issue is the £3,200,000,000 claimed by France to balance her terrible Budgets. Germany having asked for a moratorium, the crisis is there, and now the Prince of Wales calls for a "steady and peaceful recovery." Germany, if we so please it, can of course go bankrupt, like Russia; but, if so, we must prepare to suffer and France must be prepared to see her franc fall to 100, perhaps to 200, such being the inevitable consequence of credit retroaction. That is one way out; it would not

be pleasant and the physical complications would almost inevitably lead to chaos, more war, and years of misery and decline. If we choose that course, the Russian economic system may yet prove the economic salvation of Europe. On the whole, seeing that princes, barons, bankers, and insurance companies, *pace* the Press, would certainly prefer the gold mechanism, I cannot believe that even France will prefer to die for "paper" rather than accept the life of cash, and if this is so then the sooner we come to earth and have a regular knock-out crisis the better, even if more windows get smashed and not a few of our most cherished illusions are reduced to vanities. Having fixed up our bonds with America, we proceed to the main debt problem, which concerns France. That means policy. Can we attain to one? If not—as we are. What is the salving policy?

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It is general, single, European, and we alone can start it; its precondition is a peace attitude. We take the initiative. We state our course. We act. Here is the sum, £6,000,000,000, which Germany, having no credit, cannot pay. That, the man in the 'bus knows to-day. The only way is to write off. We begin by a grand gesture. We let off Europe. We say to France, that debt of £500,000,000 is a gift *provided* France writes off its equivalent from the German £3,200,000,000, or 52 per cent. share owing, thus leaving £2,700,000,000 due to her. We do the same with Italy—another £700,000,000 written off. There remains £2,000,000,000. Can Germany pay so much? That depends. If her credit is restored; if she is given civilised opportunities; if she is *permitted* to recover, she might pay £2,000,000,000, in time; in any case, Reparations reduced to capacity dimensions would become good Reparations and bonds to that amount could then be used by France to balance her Budgets, pending the general act of monetary devaluation, which all belligerents, with the exception of Britain, will sooner or later be forced to carry out. In this simple fashion we could restore European credit. France, really, is in a splendid position if she would only face realities and stop thinking in *alexandrines* of the old heroic times. If France was to devaluate at 50 francs to the sovereign and, in addition, take bonds to the value of, say, £1,200,000,000, leaving the remaining £800,000,000 to be

divided between Italy, Belgium, ourselves and the others, she would emerge resplendent, serene, and truly victorious, and no doubt Britain would gladly grant her the "security" of confidence rooted in conditions of peace as opposed to the guarantee for war as laid down by the Treaty. The ensuing problem would in that case be Britain, for our debt to America is real; we should have lost the money owed to us by Europe, and we should not get much out of Germany, and we shall probably have to forgo the soothing advantages of devaluation. Without any doubt, we should have to devaluate our internal debt by means of a new Consols fund, or prepare to wither of taxation—which is not likely. It is an ugly outlook, but as the alternative is more decline, which is even worse, England must get busy somewhere and somehow, and now can only escape truly terrible consequences by taking bold and right decisions, above all, by leading fearlessly and insisting upon the right of leadership.

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About Germany. No doubt it is partly true that German finance has left Germany a comparative shell, and "paper" has been a credit policy. But Germany could not depreciate her own mark, as politically asserted by terrible economists; and had we not deliberately deprived her of credit, at the same time insisting upon payments which could only be met by printing paper, we might to-day have got £100,000,000 out of her. Hardly more. Perhaps Germany to-day has £150,000,000 gold marks invested abroad. Suppose we take them—it is a pittance—Germany would collapse. Her credit would follow Dr. Lenin's; she could not buy, and with her collapse all the other exchanges would follow, including France, as recently we have seen. She would have colossal unemployment—revolution, and back would come a Kaiser. The Republic, without credit, would be utterly discredited. Germans would say they had been duped and ruined and that a monarchy was necessary, unless such monarchisation came from below in the shape of Communist expropriation of the appropriators in line with Russia. Stinnes would be ruined, but so would France, and all Europe would have to declare, dragging down not a few neutral countries who are flooded with German marks, thus leading to a grand bonfire of all the tokens

of Europe and general anarchy. Perhaps in that expectation the Russians showed so little compliance at The Hague. They anticipate the paper crash; they are counting on the terrible economics of the Treaty to do to Europe what they have done to Russia; they bank on the French Budgets. Do we? That is the question. Can we actually believe that a ruined Europe will not strike at our vitals? Is there any man so foolish in this country as to think that the destruction of Europe's purchasing-power will in any way benefit us or the Empire? If unemployment here is the way out, then let us have the *débâcle*.

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The Prince of Wales is clearly not a terrible economist —he has deserved well of England by speaking as the Prince of Peace. We cannot afford the pleasure of milking Stinnes and other German magnates for a trifle of hate in order to turn Central Europe into a bonfire, least of all can France. Already in France the people know it. The sound instinct of the French is slowly reasserting itself. I hear robust reports of French opinion now veering towards the Left, reclaiming the historical sense. Even the Rhine aspect is losing ground, for the future of war is the air, and a river—*nom de nom!*—a river (*vide* Sir Percy Scott) is strategically obsolescent. To deprive Germany of the coal in the Ruhr Valley would be to ruin her. To what purpose? Peace has been made. France cannot proceed to further annexations and hope to maintain our or the world's sympathies. The war was our war—Europe's war, and Europe is the issue, not France. If France seizes the Rhine, the Kaiser will be justified and the next war of liberation pre-dated. Such an affront to civilisation is not realisable to-day. It cannot be. It will not be. The only alternative is economics. The Versailles Treaty must be brought into line with modern thought; with practical economics; with cultural progress, and if any serious effort is to be made to find a science of government obviating the biological necessity of war, the real peace must be just and practical, and revenge dare not be its motive. Not Germany, Europe is at stake. There is no hope for Europe as delineated by the Treaty, politically or economically. As constituted, Europe must decline year by year until, out of despair, bit by bit the peoples fight

their way out or in a general conflagration the nations crumble back to conditions of health and strength on the pattern of Russia.

Europe's problem, which is one, and can remedially only be so treated, may be divided into three categories: (1) Political, (2) economic, (3) financial—the political side constituting the main difficulty not only because it controls the other two, but because the question is human and automatic results are not obtainable. The economic and financial sides present in themselves prodigious difficulties, but though every month adds to their magnitude, and six months ago quite definite results might have been achieved, they still are salvable, in the sense that the disastrous physical consequences which will inevitably accrue in the event of no solution being found may yet be staved off if the disease is taken in hand and the necessary operations are promptly and resolutely carried out. The financial side is mechanism—that is to say, it is a technicality. Ultimately it may concern the gold standard and the question of a world non-speculative paper currency, but for the nonce the problem is credit or the exchanges, and here the first step is stabilisation. This, as has been pointed out in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, can be effected by devaluation of currencies, by balancing Budgets, by stopping the issues of paper money, and all this part of the problem belongs to the competence of economists and bankers, and should be left in their charge. But the control is political, and until Reparations are placed upon an economic basis neither Germany nor any other nation with a depreciated currency can take the needful steps to check the downward movement of credit, seeing that obviously no country's Budget can balance on a falling monetary value, and no taxation scheme can grapple with values that are systematically unstable. Those who maintain that Germany has depreciated the mark by printing paper are talking politics, for Germany's paper issue in no way justifies the fall in the mark, which should stand to-day, if real value or internal purchasing power is the register, at about 2d. Speculation and absence of confidence or panic are the controlling features of the credit of the mark to-day, and were a satisfactory Reparations agreement arrived at the mark would probably swing back

to 800 to the sovereign in a fortnight. As things are there is no confidence, and there can be none until Governments have decided what to do about Reparations.

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The economic side is the disturbed balance of production and distribution. Here all are concerned, we as a great exporting industrial people in particular. We have a far higher output potential than before the war, but because Europe cannot buy we cannot sell, and the loss to us is represented by our huge army of unemployed, the stagnation in coal, shipping, and trade reflected financially in the slump in industrials. To us this aspect is of vital importance. Our exports so far this year show a decline. We are on the way to become a poor country, for our colonial exports depend largely upon Europe's trade with the colonies, as we have discovered in the cases of India and Australia. A similar phenomenon is evident all over Europe. France is feeling the pinch badly; many of the neutrals are suffering acutely; in Central Europe the middle class is being rapidly pauperised, and even to-day, with all the supposed possibilities of exchange dumping, Germany's exports are only 34 per cent. in volume of the pre-war period. Everywhere the diagnosis is lack of consumption. All standards of living are falling, which means that purchasing power is wanting. The Europe of the Treaty map is necessarily a poor Europe, in which only the extremes, *i.e.*, the workers and the wealthy, function; the salaried classes are being extinguished; in truth the new proletariat is the bourgeoisie. The economic balance of Europe is upset. We have this paradox. Industry is crippled by surplus credit, surplus labour, surplus machinery, because the consumer is impoverished and the consumer has no system of credit. Frantic shop sales are the consequence. The problem of Europe may be stated as a consumers' credit problem. The standard of living is definitely lowered. To raise that standard is Europe's problem. The organisation of consumption is thus the way to any improvement, but this would appear impossible until the political throttle-hold is removed and the pursuit of peace is once more recognised as the first duty of civilisation.

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The political side of the problem is the politicians—first and foremost those of France. Conference has succeeded conference, to no effect. France claims her bond. But within the last year we have travelled far, so much so that the latest Treasury scheme was to reduce the London figure of Reparations to £2,100,000,000, actually £500,000,000 less than the sum suggested by Dr. Simons in February, 1921, rejected at the time with scorn. The Germans ought never to have signed the Treaty—that all can see to-day. No doubt the French would have "walked in," but that would not have produced money, and in six months we might have reached the position confronting us to-day. Still, we can hardly go on muddling. The political side has to be tackled or there can be no economics, and as America is unlikely to take the initiative it is clear that Britain must; or slump. Our argument is the French franc. If the French peasant saw his franc quoted at 90 to the sovereign the disposition for discussion would be created, and that may yet have to be the remedy. I trust not. We must leave that to the American bankers. Constructively there is only one thing to be done, and that is policy. We have to regain our independence of view and then assert it. We have to say publicly that the Treaty will not work, and proceed to the necessary modifications. I believe that the Government is now ready to define a policy of adjustment, and the moment it does so and proclaims it the shutters that have obscured the light since the Armistice will be flung open. Geographical adjustments will, I fear, not be practical at present, and may prove incapable of adjustment except through war; but the spirit of the Treaty can be denounced, the attitude of mind that deemed that one part of Europe should break up and hold down the major part as the just outcome of victory. That has become essential from what we to-day know of the causes of the war, and, indeed, it is indispensable to peaceful recovery. It must in the end govern Reparations.

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The Times recently put the whole matter succinctly. It said: "The real question, which overshadows all else, is whether, from now onwards, a concerted effort is to be made to find firm ground on which Europe can presently

stand on her own feet again, or whether all European countries are to struggle, helplessly and hopelessly, in an economic and financial bog, vociferously affirming their several rights and views, until all are smothered." That is true; it is what this REVIEW has said again and again during the last three years of paper castle-building, out of which the victors seem likely to issue indefinitely poorer and uncomfortable. Yet all the time the remedy stares us in the face, because the entire financial problem is technical, and because our measurement is speculative so also are its adjusting levers. The actual money part of the problem is technique. Thus in prospect stricken financial Europe is relatively stronger than the gold standard victors, for whereas they can and will wipe out, we cannot; our internal debt will remain real, theirs will be obliterated with practically all the capital wealth usually associated with bonds, debentures, preference shares, bills, Treasury notes, etc., as in Germany, for instance, men frankly recognise. When again we argue that it is ridiculous to expect Britain to let off Europe's debts to us while we have to pay America we are not thinking. The question is capacity. Is there any chance of France or the others being able to pay us? If not, why worry? We refused to think of the consequences during war, we cannot damn the consequences in peace; that is the difference between real credit and finance credit, and what we live on to-day is the mechanism. Germany is just keeping alive, that is the truth; so is Britain. France can feed herself, she is economically sound enough. But that is about all that can be said. A few are fabulously rich, but only by reason of the mechanism which they manipulate. To hesitate about such a mere palliative as a moratorium to Germany is actual lunacy.

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No matter how we envisage the position, we find that the clogs are political and that the root of the evil lies in the Treaty, which ignored economics by which men and nations live. It is almost useless to talk about adjustments or recovery until we recognise that Europe cannot escape the effects of a Treaty which was expressly designed to prevent the recovery of by far the most populous and industrious part of Europe, thereby impoverishing the

whole; and that *verboten* is written in French upon the face of Europe. Britain's danger is economic, but France's peril is political. The twenty-one causes of war planted upon Europe are her difficulty, hence when we talk economics to France she is not listening, and when she ripostes with politics we look out of the window. We want trade, France wants the Rhine and the break-up of political Germany. We need a strong Europe that can buy; France would like a broken and weak Europe that she can play with politically, and until she knows what the future of Russia, her whilom great Ally, is destined to be, that is, to signify militarily to her, she is afraid to let go the reins of control by which, according to the Treaty, she rules Europe by throttling Germany. That is why the outlook to all who know the facts and motives governing them is hardly roseate. When we made the Treaty we were men in a passion, we meant it as a lesson; but M. Clemenceau intended it to be history. What has France gained, if she has lost Russia? What good is Alsace-Lorraine to her, if Europe will not fight for her? What use was the war to her, if as the result Germany and Russia arise out of the embers to challenge France's control? These are the questions agitating France. They are not economic questions at all.

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If the worst comes to the worst, we may be compelled to follow America and leave Europe alone in the hope of finding new consumption powers in the Colonies and Asia, in which case we should probably see a French disruption policy enforced upon Germany on the example of Napoleon. The French indeed will shortly have to choose between the franc and the sword, for we cannot long continue on a falling export condition which, carried too far, would blow the Entente to atoms. That is our true power. We can not only hold up France economically, we can shrive her politically; alone she is a falling star. Without Britain, France in her position of mistress of Europe is insolvent, and Russia, Bolshevist or "White," will never reassume her *rôle* as a blind fighting partner. If France has vision, she will consider these things historically; she herself will recover only if Europe too recovers. Her fate is European, and if France is to remain the fighting

issue of post-war Europe, we can say with certainty that peace will only be illusionary, just the old condition of preparation for war, and that we, unless we want to be dragged down in the vortex, will be forced to a policy the very opposite to what France contemplates. Literally forced. M. Poincaré is a very clever man. He assuredly knows this. I am told he would welcome a stern declaration from us defining our policy, justifying it in the light of economics and history, taking on our shoulders the burden of responsibility, dictating our will to France. Then, at the right moment, just when the bankers are in despair and the mark flies to 5,000, evoke America and the arbitrament of the New World for a change of air and food. For this is certain. Either Europe sells herself up, or America returns to finance her. Those who are optimistic about economics can thus be optimistic; those who are cognisant of the political or human conditions of the Treaty Europe will probably remain sceptical. The French franc is the wand, and we can to-day be the magicians of the Prince's call to a " steady and peaceful recovery."

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We have every right to assert our will to a constructive peace, which is all that is necessary. The question is: attitude. Are we to be creators? Or, are we, blind to realities and indifferent to humanity, to defy the purpose and science of progress, by returning to the ethics of the sword and make of post-war Europe a Jungle of Dynasts and " vessels of wrath."

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Books

BIOGRAPHY.

EDWARD MIDDLETON. By RICHARD SAVAGE. Cecil Palmer. *12s. 6d.*

THIS book, by a real friend of the poet, is a sad reminder of a life that went out just before the war of great promise. Whether Middleton, had he lived, would have stepped into the front rank of English poets will remain conjecture, yet he left enough to establish his position for all time in English letters. It can hardly be said that Mr. Savage adds much to our knowledge of Middleton or of how exactly it happened. Poverty was no doubt the cause acting upon a man of highly sensitive fibre, who lacked the will to fight his way through. His death is a lasting stigma on our civilisation. Mr. Savage is admirable as critic, a task which he performs gracefully, and his book is a polished and charming tribute to the poet. It remains a mystery why no publisher had the perception to "spot" this poetry. After his death critics and public slobbered, but while he lived only a few had discerned, Frank Harris notably, this Review, and a small group round

the Academy, "anything" in his poetry. The present writer tried hard to interest London's leading paper in him, in vain, and so one of the sweetest songsters of our time could get no hearing, could not even get critics and authors to take him up. His is a tragic story. Perhaps Mr. Savage hardly does justice to the great help given to Middleton by Frank Harris, at whose house Middleton stayed often for long periods, who fought for Middleton, like a Trojan. But Mr. Savage's appreciation is just, and his book will become the complement to posterity's understanding of the poet who died "unheard."

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE PUPPET SHOW OF MEMORY. By MAURICE BARING. Heinemann. 12*s*. 6*d*.

THE HON. MAURICE BARING is one of those types that only England produces—artistocrat, journalist, rover, poet, diplomat, critic; a "ragger" who is an intellectual, part poet, part humorist, part philosopher struggling between contemplation and action: in short, that blend of Eton, Fleet Street, the humanities and the proclivities that compose the genius of this country. This book is his story. The early part—pleasingly Victorian—is autobiography, but after Mr. Baring, after many examinations, got into the diplomatic service and started to throw inkpots about the embassy he changed his bearings and became a literary wanderer, which is clearly his *métier*. He has seen the world inside out, so to say. He is a wonderful linguist, and his life is a fitful record of travel, pleasance, creation, dalliance, and study in Russia and elsewhere, now as war correspondent, now as the Byronic Englishman at large on immediately and crazily easy terms with all men. The Russian accounts are the most interesting, but Mr. Baring somehow does not "reveal" the heart of Russia of the pre-revolution; he is not a novelist—perhaps he is not of the people enough—and so in 1906 he fails to interpret currents and movements, content with brilliant surface pictures. His judgments are obviously emotional, and fundamentals do not appear to attract him. It is a delightful tome of engaging egotism, and if much of it has not the slightest outside interest, it does interest, because it reflects and acquires in the process the untoward and fascinating proportions of a vivid life.

MY DISCOVERY OF ENGLAND. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. The Bodley Head. 5*s*. net.

QUITE like *Punch*, and were the book unsigned we should think of Mr. Milne. But in this pleasant criticism of England, Mr. Leacock reveals an earnestness not associated with his reputation for humour, and we understand how it is that the author is professionally an economic professor. Now and then he hits us bang in the eyes, yet kindly and with skilled suavity. The opening chapters are delightfully humorous and full of deep observation. Towards the end he rather suffocates. The French should read him on Reparations.

THE POETIC MIND. By F. C. PRESCOTT. Macmillan. 9*s*. net.

MR. PRESCOTT, Professor of English in Cornell University, brings a mind well equipped with scientific knowledge of modern theories, as

well as rich in poetic precedent, to the analysis of phenomena which most of us accept without question, just as we accept gems or flowers. Beyond a vague idea that poets are rather a queer lot, we have accustomed ourselves to acceptation of their product without questioning their processes or the occasional length of their hair. This, of course, was careless of us, for it seems that we are in danger of eliminating a supremely valuable source of joy by concentration upon the sharply lit area of reasoned concepts alone. It is impossible to follow all Mr. Prescott's admirably interesting developments of the subject in the space of a brief review of his book—a book of more than two hundred pages which cites more than two hundred witnesses, from Hesiod to Kipling—so it must suffice that Lombroso's "degenerates" is countered by the much more accurate "progenerates," and that Freud's investigations of the interaction of the conscious and subconscious mind are particularly illuminating in the study of poetic genius, the poet being one who has access to the lost hinterland of the savage and the child. That a world growing constantly smaller and more defined should close up the avenues of mystery and fetter the imagination is a logical deduction. That Homer and Shakespeare inhabiting quite different worlds from our own —Homer's being geographically tiny, and Shakespeare's the still, vague web of creation—opened wide doors to inspired guesswork and gave them their chance; whilst we, "who have a brain and cerebellum too," are too busy with the former to use the latter, so, like Oliver Wendell Holmes's young man, "die with all our music in us." The poetic mind, in short, brings divine light out of those dark places of mystery which it cannot hope to discover in the limited illumination of ascertained fact. There is perhaps hope for us in the fact that reason has discovered its inhibitions. No mere conditions can account for a Shakespeare or a Homer; so it may be that our new recognition of the subconscious mind and the mediumistic nature of poetic utterance may reopen the gates of inspiration to the rare birth when it comes, and in any case this keen and broad-minded analysis of factors and methods will contribute to a better understanding of the rare stuff that we hope may yet be mined from antres vast and deserts idle still open to the race of man.

FICTION.

CLORINIA WALKS IN HEAVEN. By A. E. COPPARD. Golden Cockerell Press. 6*s*. 6*d*.

OF *les jeunes*, Mr. Coppard is perhaps the most promising story-teller—another Irishman, and this is his second volume. All the tales have quality—their titles show that. No magazine stuff here. And, unlike most up-to-date fiction, the stories are not Dostoyewsky-an, but whimsical, humorous, pathetic, quaint, still specifically Irish in their atmosphere, and free from war slang. Soon, we imagine, the Americans will freeze on to Mr. Coppard, and then—what? Almost one fears what will happen when the New World discovers the author. There can be no doubt about the cleverness of these tales, which deal with life as it is, recreated or relieved by that touch of artistry which makes the difference between the "yarn" and the kind of thing that Frenchmen can do so well yet so many Englishmen find "impossible."

AARON'S ROD. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Martin Secker. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. LAWRENCE seems to be changing his style so much so that parts of his novel hardly savour of the most sensitive stylist of the day, and similarly he jumps his "unities," with the result that the opening is a bit sticky, and one lays down the book wondering when Lawrence is really going to write a great book by which he will be known for all time. This time a miner is the hero, but a queer fellow who leaves his wife and children with a flute in search of the finite singleness of love or male self-expression and turns up gaily at the opera and subsequently in Italy, where he has a love call to which he succumbs quite like one of us. In the background a friend hovers, like a chorus, a sort of soul-assessor. Only when we get to real love does the real Lawrence burst forth with quivering intensity, though less critical than usual. In short, this would appear a prelude to something more definite. The ache in him has not yet subsided. He is still groping. In Aaron we can detect a rod, but it is not yet magic.

FROZEN JUSTICE. By EJNAR MIKKELSEN. Gyldendal. 7*s.* 6*d.*

"FROZEN JUSTICE" has the advantage of approximating the frozen truth, for Captain Mikkelsen has lived amongst the Alaskan Eskimos and writes of what he knows. The annual visits of the whaling fleets have brought "civilisation" to these primitive folk, and in this story civilisation is represented by a couple of scalawags who, with the resources of their ice-bound ship behind them, dominate the natives and corrupt them at their pleasure. There is, however, an outstanding figure, one Sakhawachik, the wealthy chief hunter, whose half-white wife is abducted by one of the pretty pair. Then begins a pursuit such as no cinema has ever dared, a journey in mid-winter over drifting ice-floes and through death-dealing blizzards, a true epic of the North told with a simple realism which makes it enthralling. The hero with the unpronounceable name has awful experiences, and by sheer manhood diverts his efforts to a life-saving journey, and, having accomplished the impossible, goes north where the white man will not trouble him and his. A thrillingly actual bit of story-telling in a new setting.

LIFE. By JOHAN BOJER. Gyldendal. 7*s.* 6*d.*

JOHAN BOJER is now an established name in England, and his last book, *Life*, has all the serious and fine qualities to which previous translations have introduced us. The story of a beautiful young girl who shares the poverty of her disappointed father and meets and loves the son of his successful enemy and betrayer, is pre-ordained to a tragic conclusion, but the tragedy is almost accidental, as it turns out, for difficulties are overcome for her; but the fatalism which is a heritage from her dead mother gives her the dreadful impulse to enjoy and to die. In spite of this theme the story abounds in the joy of life, with pictures of midnight sun junketings and the delightful life in the snowy mountains where the fun is fast and furious. The curious relationship which comes about between Astrid Riis and her lover, complicated by a platonic friendship which ends badly, and the contrasted characters of the morbidly resentful father and the light-hearted company of the wealthy General's home, make this a very full and interesting story with Norse salt to season it.